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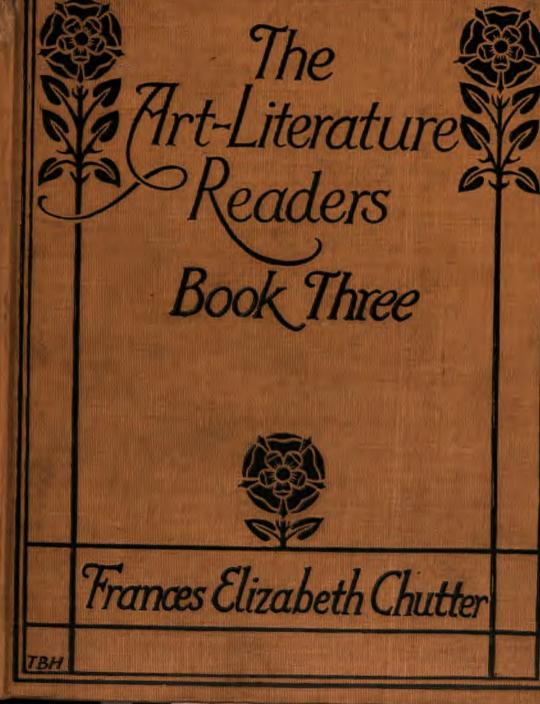
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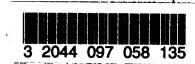
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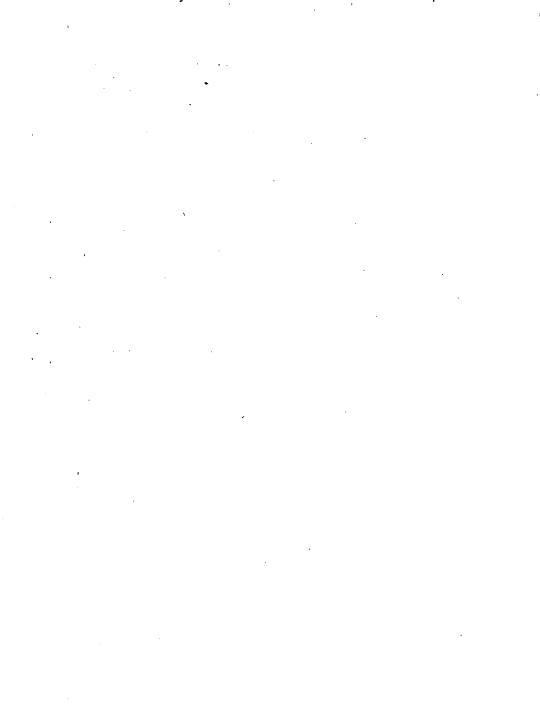
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# The Art-Literature Readers Book Three



## The Art-Literature Readers

Book Three

BY
FRANCES ELIZABETH CHUTTER



ATKINSON, MENTZER & GROVER

Boston

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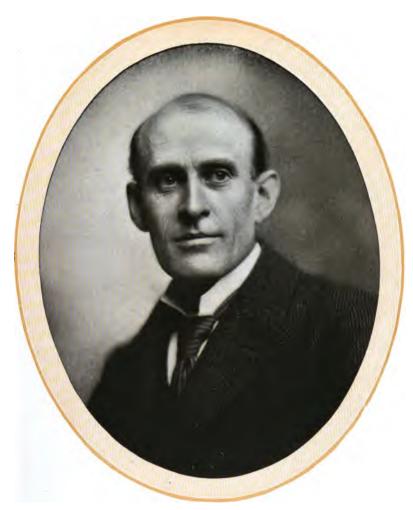
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EUGENE FIELD

#### A DEDICATION

Go, little book; and if any one would speak thee ill, let him bethink him that thou art the child of one who loves thee well.

- Eugene Field



THE SHOEMAKER

Albert Neuhuys

"And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed."

# THE ART-LITERATURE READERS

#### **BOOK THREE**

#### DUTCH LULLABY

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night Sailed off in a wooden shoe,— Sailed on a river of misty light Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish, But never afeared are we!" So cried the stars to the fishermen three,

> Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be:

And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed Of sailing that beautiful sea;

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,—

Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

-Eugene Field

#### EUGENE FIELD—THE BOY

There once lived in the city of St. Louis a little boy named Eugene Field. When Eugene was six years old his mother died and he and his younger brother named Roswell were sent to make their home with their cousin, Mary French, in Amherst, Massachusetts. This was a fine place to live. There were sunny fields to run and play in, clear brooks with fish hiding in the deep pools, woods with plenty of nuts for squirrels and boys, and steep hills down which sleds would go swiftly on keen winter days. Here the two rollicking boys grew up and were happy.

Eugene and his brother had many other boys of the town for playmates. Together they ran wild in woods and fields, played ball, fished, skated and coasted. They played many games, too, and it was Eugene who always led the game. He was full of fun and planned new sports for each day so that all the children followed him.

Eugene always had a large family of pets. Sometimes he had dogs, cats, birds, goats and squirrels all at once. He gave queer names to his pets and talked to them as if they were boys like himself. Once he had a great many chickens and each one was trained to come when it was called by name. There were Finniken, Minnikin, Winnikin, Dump, Poog, Boog, and many others. Eugene loved them every one and was very gentle with them. When he hurt a little downy chicken by accident one day, he cried as though he had been hurt himself. He was always a friend to every helpless creature.

#### THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat Side by side on the table sat; 'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!) Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!

The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate Appeared to know as sure as fate There was going to be a terrible spate.

(I wasn't there: I simply state What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,

From "Love-Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

#### **EUGENE FIELD'S SCHOOLDAYS**

Eugene and Roswell Field found time for books and study as well as for pets and play. Their cousin Mary put them under the care of good teachers, and helped them at home when the lessons were hard. She sent them away tidy to school and when they were mischievous and troublesome she was kind and patient.

In the summer the Field boys used to visit their grandmother who lived in the state of Vermont. Grandmother Field liked to have the boys learn Bible verses and try to write sermons about them. Eugene did not enjoy this very much, but grandmother gave him money every time he wrote a sermon, so of course he wrote several. One sermon that was written when he was nine years old is printed in a book about Mr. Field. The text was Proverbs 13:15.

As Eugene Field grew older he liked fun and mischief more and more. He published a boy's paper for which he wrote clever stories and put in many jokes about the other boys in the town. College days came and stillhe seemed only a big boy who never lost a chance to play a joke on classmates or teachers. Though his fun sometimes made people a little uncomfortable, it was always harmless. He loved his friends too much to hurt them, but he could not help showing his fun-loving nature and he always made those around him happy.



THE HOME TEAM

Arthur T. Elsly

#### GOOD-CHILDREN STREET.

There's a dear little home in Good-Children street—
My heart turneth fondly to-day,
Where tinkle of tongues and patter of feet
Make sweetest of music at play;
Where the sunshine of love illumines each face
And warms every heart in that old-fashioned place.

From "Love-Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

For dear little children go romping about
With dollies and tin tops and drums,
And, my! how they frolic and scamper and shout
Till bedtime too speedily comes!
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet
With little folk living in Good-Children street!

See, here comes an army with guns painted red,
And swords, caps, and plumes of all sorts;
The captain rides gaily and proudly ahead
On a stick-horse that prances and snorts!
Oh, legions of soldiers you're certain to meet—
Nice make-believe soldiers—in Good-Children street!

And yonder Odette wheels her dolly about—
Poor dolly! I'm sure she is ill,
For one of her blue china eyes has dropped out
And her voice is asthmatic'ly shrill.
Then, too, I observe she is minus her feet,
Which causes much sorrow in Good-Children street.

'Tis so the dear children go romping about
With dollies and banners and drums,
And I venture to say they are sadly put out
When an end to their jubilee comes;
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet
With little folk living in Good-Children street!

But when falleth night over river and town,
These little folk vanish from sight,
And an angel all white from the sky cometh down
And guardeth the babes through the night,
And singeth her lullabies tender and sweet
To the dear little people in Good-Children street.

Though elsewhere the world be o'erburdened with care,
Though poverty fall to my lot,
Though toil and vexation be always my share,

What care I—they trouble me not!

This thought maketh life ever joyous and sweet:

There's a dear little home in Good-Children street.

-Eugene Field

#### EUGENE FIELD AND THE CHILDREN

When Eugene grew to be a man he had five rollicking boys and girls of his own. There were Mary, Eugene Junior, Frederick, Roswell and Baby Ruth. To each of these children Mr. Field gave a pet name which they have kept to this day. Mary was called "Trotty," Eugene Junior was "Pinny," Frederick was "Daisy," Roswell was "Posy" and Baby Ruth was little "Sister Girl."

Though his own family was a large one there was always room in Eugene Field's home and garden for all the children of the neighborhood. No child was too ragged, no face and hands were too soiled to find the way into his heart, where there was room for all. He took all

children alike for a sail in the wooden shoe with "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," and for all he sang

"His softest lullabies, His gentlest hushabies."

It is no wonder that the children loved Mr. Field. He could tell the best stories they ever heard, and he could make up the best games they ever played. He played marbles with the little urchins on street corners, joined in their games of ball, or even played with dolls when little girls came to see him.

But Mr. Field did more than amuse little children. He wrote beautiful verses about them and for them. He knew the things that children liked and did, and he wrote poems about these things.

Many of the verses were written about his own little girls and boys. One morning when Posy was only a few months old his father came into the nursery where someone was trying to put the little fellow to sleep with a lullaby song. Mr. Field softly left the room and in a short time came back singing his poem. "The Rock-a-By Lady."

#### THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street Comes stealing; comes creeping;

From "Love-Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The poppies they hang from her head to her feet, And each has a dream that is tiny and fleet— She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet, When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum— "Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;

There is one little dream of a big sugarplum, And, lo! thick and fast the other dreams come Of populus that bang and tin tops that hum, And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams.
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping;
So, shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

-Eugene Field



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS

Henri Leroll

#### WHY DO BELLS OF CHRISTMAS RING?

Why do bells of Christmas ring? Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star, Seen by shepherds from afar, Gently moved until its light Made a manger's cradle bright. There a darling baby lay,

From "Sharps and Flats." Copyright, 1900, by Julia Sutherland Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pillowed soft upon the hay; And its mother sung and smiled, "This is Christ, the holy child!"

Therefore bells for Christmas ring, Therefore little children sing.

-Eugene Field

#### EUGENE FIELD AND HIS FRIENDS

A great many birds lived in the trees around Mr. Field's house in Chicago. The birds all knew Mr. Field's voice. Every morning he scattered bread crumbs on the window sill saying, "These crumbs are for the blue jays and robins who are not feeling well to-day, or who find it too hot for work."

Sometimes the blue jays were very noisy and did a great deal of scolding. Then Mr. Field would go into the yard and rebuke them in a friendly voice, after which the birds would act very much ashamed and fly away.

One day a lady was visiting at Mr. Field's house. She saw a great many flies in his room, and said, "Oh, Mr. Field, how did so many flies get into your room?"

"Well," said Mr. Field, "it was this way. A day or two ago I saw a poor half-frozen fly on the outside of my window-pane. I let him in to get warm and this is what I get for it. That ungrateful creature is, as you see, the grandmother of eight thousand nine hundred and seventy-six flies!"

#### LAST YEAR'S DOLL

I'm only a last year's doll!

I thought I was lovely and fair,
But alas for the cheeks that were rosy,
Alas, for the once flowing hair!
I'm sure that my back is broken,
For it hurts me when I rise!
Oh, I'd cry for every sorrow,
But I've lost out both my eyes.

In comes my pretty mistress,
With my rival in her arms,
A fine young miss, most surely,
Arrayed in her borrowed charms!
My dress and my slippers, too,
But sadder, oh, sadder than all,
She's won the dear love I have lost,
For I'm only a last year's doll.

Oh, pity me, hearts that are tender,
I'm lonely and battered and bruised,
I'm tucked out of sight in the closet,
Forgotten, despised and abused!
I'm only a last year's doll,
Alone with my troubled heart.
Sweet mistress, still I love thee,
Inconstant though thou art.

#### A TRIP TO TOY-LAND

And how do you get to Toy-land,
To all little people the joy-land?
Just follow your nose
And go on tip-toes,
It's only a minute to Toy-land.

And oh! but it's gay in Toy-land,
This bright, merry, girl-and-boy-land,
And woolly dogs white
That never will bite
You'll meet on the highways in Toy-land.

Society's fine in Toy-land,
The dollies all think it a joy-land,
And folks in the ark
Stay out after dark
And tin soldiers regulate Toy-land.

There's fun all the year in Toy-land,
To sorrow 'twas ever a coy-land;
And steamers are run,
And steam cars for fun,
They're wound up with keys down in Toy-land.

Bold jumping-jacks thrive in Toy-land;
Fine castles adorn this joy-land;
And bright are the dreams
And sunny the beams
That gladden the faces in Toy-land.

How long do you live in Toy-land?
This bright, merry, girl-and-boy-land?
A few days, at best,
We stay as a guest,
Then good-bye, forever, to Toy-land!

-Eugene Field

#### A CHRISTMAS WISH

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For the poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one,
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;
One would ask for a china set
With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark
With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove
And a little toy wash tub;
Some would prefer a little drum,
For a noisy rub-a-dub;
Some would wish for a story book,
And some for a set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness
Over a new tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes,
And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor
And the winter is hard to bear;
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so,
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels
And candy of every kind,
And buy all the almond and pecan nuts
And taffy that I could find;
And barrels and barrels of oranges
I'd scatter right in the way,
So the children would find them the very
first thing
When they wake on Christmas day.

—Eugene Field

#### THE STARS

#### A Slumber Story

I.

A very wondrous thing happened the other night; I will tell you about it.

Dady is a little boy who is hardly more than three years old. Every night when his mamma puts him to bed, she sits beside him and sings to him till he is fast asleep.

The other night Dady's mamma had tucked him up nice and snug in his bed, and had heard him repeat his little prayer, when Dady said: "What will you sing about to-night, mamma?"

"What would you like to have me sing about?" asked mamma.

"Sing about the bears and lions," said Dady.

Mamma laughed heartily. "Why, Dady," said she, "what do I know about bears and lions? No, I will sing a little hushaby about the stars. When I was a little girl, my mamma used to sing it to me. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes," said Dady.

"Then you must shut your eyes and be very still," said mamma.

So Dady closed his eyes, and was very quiet while his mamma sang this little lullaby.

#### Cradle Song

The twinkling stars, that stud the skies Throughout the quiet night, Are only precious little eyes Of babies fair and bright; For, when the babies are asleep, An angel comes and takes Their little eyes to guard and keep Until the morning breaks. So, in the sky and on the earth, Those little eyes divine, With quiet love and twinkling mirth, Through all the darkness shine. The golden and majestic moon Beholds these baby eyes, And, mother-like, she loves to croon Her softest lullabies. Her gentlest hushabies.

The tiny flow'rs the baby knew
Throughout the noisy day,
Now ope their blossoms to the dew
And, smiling, seem to say:
"We know you, stars, serene and small,
Up yonder in the skies—
You are no little stars at all—
You're only baby eyes!"

The lambkins scamper to and fro
And chase the night away,
For they are full of joy to know
The stars behold their play.
The wind goes dancing, free and light,
O'er tree and hilltop high.
And murmurs all the happy night
The sweetest lullaby,
The gentlest hushaby.

And, lo! an angel hovers near

To bear thine eyes on high.

So sleep, my babe, if thou would'st hear

The music of the sky—

Sweet nature's hushaby.

Scarcely had Dady's mamma finished this song when the wondrous thing happened.

Dady opened his eyes to see the lambkins playing in the meadows, when, lo! at his side, where his mamma had been sitting but a moment before, there stood a beautiful angel, with the whitest wings and the sweetest smile Dady ever saw. Dady was not frightened the least bit.

"Shut your eyes, little Dady," said the Angel, "for I want to put them up in the sky for stars."

"Oh, but it will hurt," said Dady.

"No, it will not hurt," said the angel, and Dady believed the angel, because angels always tell the truth.

Then Dady closed his eyes, and, will you believe it? the angel put his hands on Dady's eyes and took them right out of Dady's head, and it never hurt Dady at all. No, it felt rather nice than otherwise, for Dady's body at once fell into a sound sleep, while Dady's eyes became wider awake than ever before, and could see very plainly the smallest things in the world.

Out of the window, away over the housetops, and up in the sky flew the angel with Dady's eyes, and Dady was not frightened, because the angel was very kind and gentle.

"Will he really put us in the sky?" thought the eyes. "It certainly will seem very new and strange to look down on the world from away up there."

But before Dady's eyes knew what was being done with them, they were put fast in the blue sky, right between two pairs of eyes Dady thought he had seen before.

"Whose eyes are you?" asked Dady.

"Why, we are Susie's eyes," said the little brown stars.

"And whose eyes are you?" asked Dady, turning to the little sparklers on the other side.

"We are Trotty's eyes," replied the little blue eyes. "Then I am not frightened," said Dady.

"Oh, no," said the Susie eyes, "there is nothing to be afraid of up here in the soft, kindly sky. It is really very charming."

"Don't you see how cool and pleasant it is?" asked the Trotty eyes. "Really it is much nicer than the close, heated air down near the earth."

So they talked. And there were thousands and thousands of other little eyes doing service as stars all around them. There were blue eyes and black eyes, and brown eyes and hazel eyes, and among others there was a pair of beautiful little golden eyes which Dady fell quite in love with. They were Louisa's eyes, and they were very sweet, for Louisa herself was a very good little girl.

"What is that music we hear?" asked the Louisa eyes.

Dady listened, and surely enough he heard the most beautiful music sweeping along through the air beneath.

"I wonder what it can be?" queried the Trotty eyes. "We never heard such sweet sounds before."

"Oh, that is the song of the night wind," said a pair of older eyes that had been stars many times, "Let us listen and hear what the song is about."

So the eyes all kept very quiet and listened to the night wind.

#### II.

"Baa-baa," bleated a little lamb in the meadow. It had lost its way among the high grass and flowers, and was bleating for its mother. "Poor little lamb—it has lost its way," said the Louisa eyes."

"Can we help it?" said the Susie eyes, "Suppose we all shine as hard as ever we can and then maybe it will see its way to its mamma."

So all the little eyes shone with all their might, and, startled by the sudden light, the mother sheep sprang from her slumbers and called to her little one.

Then the little lamb heard her voice and hastened to her side.

It made the star eyes very happy to know they had done the little lamb such a kindly service.

Then all the flock on the meadow got together and the wise old mother sheep gathered around in a little circle and watched the little lambs at play in the midst of the circle. It was a lively sight.

On the meadow grew a daisy which the lambs loved very dearly because it was beautiful and gentle.

Now, it happened that this daisy stood right in the center of the circle where the lambs played that night.

"Oh, come," said one little lamb, whose name was Kinky, "come, let us have some fun with the daisy. Let us see if we can leap over its head."

"For mercy's sake," cried the daisy, "do not strike me with your feet or you will crush me!"

"Have no fears," said Kinky, "for we love you too much to harm you."

Then the fun began. Kinky led the race, and leaped over the daisy, and all the rest of the lambs followed in one, two, three fashion, and so the sport continued until the little lambs were all worn out with play, and the mother sheep were nearly dead with laughter. And the daisy cried: "Now, really, you must rest awhile, and as for me, I must open my little mouths and take good, long drinks of cool dew, for I am very thirsty."

"Yes," said an old grandma sheep, "you little lambs should go to bed. Lie down on the green grass close to your mothers while I sing you to sleep."

They were very obedient little lambs. They cuddled up to their big, warm mothers, and fell asleep to the song of the old grandma sheep, which song was something like this:

## A Hushaby

Ba-ba, baby sheep,
Chill and somber grows the night,
Only stars from heaven's height
Shed on us their golden light.
Ba-ba, go to sleep—
Go to sleep, baby sheep!

Ba-ba, baby sheep,

Never mind the goblin's growl,

Never heed the hoodoo's howl.

Let the hippogriffin prowl. Ba-ba, mother'll keep Watch over baby sheep!

Ba-ba, baby sheep,
Up above, serene and far,
Beams a tiny golden star
Listening to the ba-ba
I am singing to the sheep,
As they rock the lambs to sleep.

-Eugene Field

### FOR MY LITTLE SON'S SILVER PLATE.

When thou dost eat from off this plate, I charge thee be thou temperate:
Unto thine elders at the board
Do thou sweet reverence accord;
And, though to dignity inclined,
Unto the serving-folk be kind:
Be ever mindful of the poor,
Nor turn them hungry from the door:
And unto God, for health and food
And all that in thy life is good,
Give thou thy heart in gratitude.

-Eugene Field

#### LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

"Lost! lost! a little girl lost," cried a man, ringing a large bell through the streets of Boston. "A little girl six years old, in a pink frock, white hat and new green shoes."

The little girl in the pink frock, white hat and new green shoes had lost her way from home and was found where she had fallen asleep on a doorstep with her head resting on the curly back of a big, friendly dog.

This little six-year-old girl was Louisa May Alcott. She was a lively child, always ready to run, climb, drive a hoop, or play any active game. It was her delight to be with other children and she sometimes slipped away from home with strange playmates. She thought it fun to run away and did not mind being lost for a little while. But it was not fun to be tied to the arm of a sofa the next day and as she grew older she found better ways of having a good time.

When Louisa was eight years old her family left Boston and went to Concord to live. Their home in Concord was called "Orchard House" and was a cheery, pleasant place. The big garden was full of trees, which were covered with pink and white blossoms in the spring time, and were like cool green tents for birds and children through the long summer days. Here Louisa had plenty of room to run about and the best of playmates to share in all sorts of merry pranks.

Near by was a large barn where the children had gay frolics. On rainy days they all gathered there and told their favorite stories. Louisa often told stories which she had made up herself, then she would say, "Now let's act it all out!" and away they would go. It was great fun to be giants or Indians or to play soldiers with branches of trees for guns. Sometimes they were solemn pilgrims journeying to far away lands and again they tripped away, a band of light-footed fairies. But whatever the play, Louisa was sure to be a leader.

This little girl did not spend all her days in play. She learned to sew and cook and to do all kinds of housework. She was a great help to her busy mother. Every morning Louisa and her sisters had lessons in their father's study. This was their school. In summer time it was often held under the apple trees in the garden, where they learned about the flowers, the insects, the birds and other wonderful outdoor things.

Mr. Alcott was always glad to be with his children and took them for long walks through wide meadows and over green hills, telling them stories all the way. These were the happiest days in Louisa Alcott's life. Perhaps it was the memory of these happy days that helped her to write the delightful stories which all children like to read.

#### BECKY'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

All alone by the kitchen fire, sat little Becky, for every one else had gone away to keep Christmas and left her to take care of the house. Nobody had thought to give her any presents, or take her to any merry-making, or remembered that Christmas should be made a happy time to every child, whether poor or rich.

She was only twelve years old,—this little girl from the poorhouse, who was bound to work for the farmer's wife till she was eighteen. She had no father or mother, no friends or home but this, and as she sat alone by the fire her little heart ached for some one to love and cherish her.

Becky was a shy, quiet child, with a thin face and wistful eyes that always seemed trying to find something that she wanted very much. She worked away, day after day, so patiently and silently that no one ever guessed what curious thoughts filled the little cropped head, or what a tender child's heart was hidden under the blue checked pinafore.

To-night she was wishing that there were fairies in the world, who would whisk down the chimney and give her quantities of pretty things, as they did in the delightful fairy tales.

"I'm sure I am as poor and lonely as Cinderella, and need a kind godmother to help me as much as ever she



PARING APPLES

Albert Neuhuys

did," said Becky to herself. She sat on her little stool staring at the fire, which didn't burn very well, for she felt too much out of sorts to care whether things looked cheerful or not.

There is an old belief that all dumb things can speak for one hour on Christmas Eve. Now, Becky knew nothing of this story and no one can say whether what happened was true or whether she fell asleep and dreamed it. But certain it is when Becky compared herself to Cinderella, she was amazed to hear a small voice reply,—

"Well, my dear, if you want advice, I shall be very glad to give you some, for I've had much experience in this trying world."

Becky stared about her, but all she saw was the old gray cat, blinking at the fire.

"Did you speak, Tabby?" said the child, at last.

"Of course I did. If you wish a godmother, here I am."

Becky laughed at the idea; but Puss, with her silvergray suit, white handkerchief crossed on her bosom, kind, motherly old face, and cosy purr, did make a very good Quakerish little godmother after all.

"Well, ma'am, I'm ready to listen," said Becky respectfully.

"First, my child, what do you want most?" asked the godmother, quite in the fairy-book style. "To be loved by everybody," answered Becky.

"Good!" said the cat. "I'm pleased with that answer, it's sensible, and I'll tell you how to get your wish. Learn to make people love you by loving them."

"I don't know how," sighed Becky.

"No more did I in the beginning," returned Puss. "When I first came here, a shy young kitten, I thought only of keeping out of everybody's way, for I was afraid of every one. I hid under the barn and only came out when no one was near. I wasn't happy, for I wanted to be petted, but didn't know how to begin. One day I heard Aunt Sally say to the master, 'James, that wild kitten isn't any use at all, you had better drown her and get a nice tame one to amuse the children and clear the house of mice.' 'The poor thing has been abused, I guess, so we will give her another trial and may be she will come to trust us after a while,' said the good master. I thought over these things as I lay under the barn and resolved to do my best, for I did not want to be drowned. It was hard at first, but I began by coming out when little Jane called me and letting her play with me. Then I ventured into the house, and finding a welcome at my first visit, I went again and took a mouse with me to show that I wasn't idle. No one hurt or frightened me and soon I was the household pet. For several years I have led a happy life here."

Becky listened eagerly and when Puss had ended,

she said timidly, "Do you think if I try not to be afraid, but to show that I want to be affectionate, the people will let me and will like it?"

"Very sure. I heard the mistress say you were a good, handy little thing. Do as I did, my dear, and you will find that there is plenty of love in the world."

"I will. Thank y u, dear old Puss, for your advice."

Puss came to rub her soft cheek against Becky's hand, and then settled herself in a cosy hunch in Becky's lap. Presently another voice spoke, a queer, monotonous voice, high above her.

"Tick, tick; wish again, little Becky, and I'll tell you how to find your wish."

It was the old moon-faced clock behind the door, which had struck twelve just before Tabby first spoke.

"Dear me," said Becky, "how queerly things do act to-night!" She thought a moment then said soberly, "I wish I liked my work better. Washing dishes, picking chips and hemming towels is such tiresome work, I don't see how I can go on doing it for six more years."

"Just what I used to feel," said the clock. "I couldn't bear to think that I had got to stand here and do nothing but tick year after year. I flatly said I wouldn't, and I stopped a dozen times a day. Bless me, what a fuss I made until I was put in this corner to stand idle for several months. At first I rejoiced, then I got tired of doing nothing and began to reflect that as I was born a

clock, it would be wiser to do my duty and get some satisfaction out of it if I could."

"And so you went to going again? Please teach me to be faithful and to love my duty," cried Becky.

"I will;" and the old clock grandly struck the half hour, with a smile on its round face, as it steadily ticked on.

Here the fire blazed up and the tea-kettle hanging on the crane began to sing.

"How cheerful that is!" said Becky, as the whole kitchen brightened with the ruddy glow. "If I could have a third wish, I'd wish to be as cheerful as the fire."

"Have your wish if you choose, but you must work for it, as I do," cried the fire, as its flames embraced the old kettle till it gurgled with pleasure.

Becky thought she heard a queer voice humming these words:—

"I'm an old black kettle,
With a very crooked nose.
But I can't help being gay
When the jolly fire glows."

"I shouldn't wonder a mite if that child had been up to mischief to-night, rummaged all over the house, eaten herself sick, or stolen something and run away with it," fretted Aunt Sally, as the family went jingling home in the big sleigh about one o'clock from the Christmas party.

"Tut, tut, Aunty, I wouldn't think evil of the poor

little thing. If I'd had my way she would have gone with us and had a good time. She doesn't look as if she had seen many, and I have a notion it is what she needs," said the farmer kindly.

"The thought of her alone at home has worried me all the evening, but she didn't seem to mind, and I haven't had time to get a respectable dress ready for her to wear, so I let it go," added the farmer's wife, as she cuddled little Jane under the cloaks and shawls, with a regretful memory of Becky knocking at her heart.

"I've got some pop corn and a bouncing big apple for her," said Billy, the red-faced lad perched up by his father playing drive.

"And I'll give her one of my dolls. She said she never had one, wasn't that dreadful?" put in little Jane, popping out her head like a bird from its nest.

"Better see what she has been doing first, advised Aunt Sally. "If she hasn't done any mischief and has remembered to have the kettle boiling so I can have a cup of hot tea after my ride, and if she has kept the fire up and warmed my slippers, I don't know but I'll give her the red mittens I knit."

They found poor Becky lying on the bare floor, her head pillowed on the stool, and old Tabby in her arms, with a corner of the blue pinafore spread over her. The fire was burning splendidly, the kettle simmering, and in a row upon the hearth stood, not only Aunt Sally's old slippers, but those of master and mistress also, and over a chair hung two little nightgowns warming for the children.

"Well now, who could have been more thoughtful than that!" said Aunt Sally. "Becky shall have those mittens, and I'll knit her two pairs of stockings, that I will."

So Aunt Sally laid the gay mittens close to the little rough hand that had worked so busily all day. Billy set his big red apple and bag of pop corn just where she would see them when she woke. Jane laid the doll in Becky's arms, and Tabby smelt of it approvingly, to the children's delight. The farmer had no present ready, but he stroked the little cropped head with a fatherly touch that made Becky smile in her sleep, as he said within himself, "I will do by this forlorn child as I would wish any one to do by my Janey if she were left alone." But the mother gave the best gift of all, for she stooped down and kissed Becky as only mothers can kiss. The good woman's heart reproached her for neglect of the child who had no mother.

That unusual touch wakened Becky at once, and looking about her with astonished eyes, she saw such a wonderful change in all the faces, that she clapped her hands and cried with a happy laugh, "My dream's come true! Oh, my dream's come true!"

### A SONG FROM THE SUDS

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash and rinse and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,
Under the sunny sky.

I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say,—
"Head, you may think, Heart, you may feel,
But, Hand, you shall work alway!"

-Louisa May Alcott

# QUEEN ASTER

For many seasons the Golden-rods had reigned over the meadow, and no one thought of choosing a king from any other family, for they were strong and handsome, and loved to rule.

But one autumn something happened which caused great excitement among the flowers. It was proposed to have a queen, and such a thing had never been heard of before. It began among the Asters; for some of them grew outside the wall beside the road, and saw and heard what went on in the great world. These sturdy plants



LAKE OF ALBANS

Jean B. Camille Corot

told the news to their relations inside; and so the Asters were unusually wise and energetic flowers, from the little white stars in the grass to the tall sprays tossing their purple plumes above the mossy wall.

"Things are moving in the great world, and it is time we made a change in our little one," said one of the road-side Asters, after a long talk with a wandering wind. "Matters are not going well in the meadow; for the Golden-rods rule, and they care only for money and power, as their name shows. Now, we are descended from the stars, and are both wise and good, and our tribe is even larger than the Golden-rod tribe; so it is but fair that we should take our turn at governing. It will soon be time to choose, and I propose our stately cousin, Violet

Aster, for queen this year. Whoever agrees with me, say Aye."

Quite a shout went up from all the Asters; and the late Clovers and Buttercups joined in it, for they were honest, sensible flowers, and liked fair play. To their great delight the Pitcher-plant, or Forefathers' Cup, said "Aye" most decidedly, and that impressed all the other plants; for this fine family came over in the "Mayflower," and was much honored everywhere.

But the proud Cardinals by the brook blushed with shame at the idea of a queen; the Fringed Gentians shut their blue eyes that they might not see the bold Asters; and Clematis fainted away in the grass, she was so shocked. The Golden-rods laughed scornfully, and were much amused at the suggestion to put them off the throne where they had ruled so long.

"Let those discontented Asters try it," they said. "No one will vote for that foolish Violet, and things will go on as they always have done; so, dear friends, don't be troubled, but help us elect our handsome cousin who was born in the palace this year."

In the middle of the meadow stood a beautiful maple, and at its foot lay a large rock overgrown by a wild grapevine. All kinds of flowers sprung up here; and this autumn a tall spray of Golden-rod and a lovely violet Aster grew almost side by side, with only a screen of ferns between them. This was called the palace; and seeing their cousin there made the Asters feel that their turn had come, and many of the other flowers agreed with them that a change of rulers ought to be made for the good of the kingdom.

So when the day came to choose, there was great excitement as the wind went about collecting the votes. The Golden-rods, Cardinals, Gentians, Clematis, and Bitter-sweet voted for the Prince, as they called the handsome fellow by the rock. All the Asters, Butter-cups, Clovers, and Pitcher-plants voted for Violet; and to the surprise of the meadow the Maple dropped a leaf, and the Rock gave a bit of lichen for her also. They seldom took part in the affairs of the flower people,—the tree living so high above them, busy with its own music, and the rock being so old that it seemed lost in meditation most of the time; but they liked the idea of a queen (for one was a poet, the other a philosopher), and both believed in gentle Violet.

Their votes won the day, and with loud rejoicing by her friends she was proclaimed queen of the meadow and welcomed to her throne.

"We will never go to Court or notice her in any way," cried the haughty Cardinals, red with anger.

"Nor we! Dreadful, unfeminine creature! Let us turn our backs and be grateful that the brook flows between us," added the Gentians, shaking their fringes as if the mere idea soiled them. Clematis hid her face among the vine leaves, feeling that the palace was no longer a fit home for a delicate, high-born flower like herself. All the Golden-rods raged at this dreadful disappointment, and said many untrue and disrespectful things of Violet. The Prince tossed his yellow head behind the screen, and laughed as if he did not mind, saying carelessly,—

"Let her try; she never can do it, and will soon be glad to give up and let me take my proper place."

So the meadow was divided: one half turned its back on the new queen; the other half loved, admired, and believed in her; and all waited to see how the experiment would succeed. The wise Asters helped her with advice; the Pitcher-plant refreshed her with the history of the brave Puritans, who loved liberty and justice, and suffered to win them; the honest Clovers sweetened life with their sincere friendship, and the cheerful Buttercups brightened her days with kindly words and deeds. But her best help came from the rock and the tree,—for when she needed strength she leaned her delicate head against the rough breast of the rock, and courage seemed to come to her from the wise old stone that had borne the storms of a hundred years; when her heart was heavy with care or wounded by unkindness, she looked up to the beautiful tree, always full of soft music, always pointing heavenward, and was comforted by these glimpses of a world above her.

The first thing she did was to banish the evil snakes from her kingdom; for they lured the innocent birds to death, and filled many a happy nest with grief.

The next task was to stop the red and black ants from constantly fighting; for they were always at war, to the great dismay of more peaceful insects. She bade each tribe keep in its own country, and if any dispute came up, to bring it to her, and she would decide it fairly. This was a hard task; for the ants loved to fight, and would go on struggling after their bodies were separated from their heads, so fierce were they. But she made them friends at last, and every one was glad.

Another reform was to purify the news that came to the meadow. The wind was telegraph-messenger; but the birds were reporters, and some of them very bad ones. The larks brought tidings from the clouds, and were always welcome; the thrushes from the wood, and all loved to hear their pretty romances; the robins had domestic news, and the lively wrens bits of gossip and witty jokes to relate. But the magpies made much mischief with their ill-natured tattle and evil tales, and the crows criticised and condemned every one who did not believe and do just as they did; so the magpies were forbidden to go gossiping about the meadow, and the gloomy black crows were ordered off the fence where they liked to sit cawing dismally for hours at a time.

Every one felt safe and comfortable when this was

done, except the Cardinals, who liked to hear their splendid dresses and fine feasts talked about, and the Goldenrods, who were so used to living in public that they missed the excitement, as well as the scandal of the magpies and the political and religious arguments and quarrels of the crows.

A hospital for sick and homeless creatures was opened under the big burdock leaves; and there several belated butterflies were tucked up in their silken hammocks to sleep till spring, a sad lady-bug who had lost all her children found comfort in her loneliness, and many crippled ants sat talking over their battles, like old soldiers, in the sunshine.

It took a long time to do all this, and it was a hard task, for the rich and powerful flowers gave no help. But the Asters worked bravely, so did the Clovers and Buttercups; and the Pitcher-plant kept open house with the old-fashioned hospitality one so seldom sees now-adays. Everything seemed to prosper, and the meadow grew more beautiful day by day. Safe from their enemies the snakes, birds came to build in all the trees and bushes, singing their gratitude so sweetly that there was always music in the air. Sunshine and shower seemed to love to freshen the thirsty flowers and keep the grass green, till every plant grew strong and fair, and passers-by stopped to look, saying with a smile,—

"What a pretty little spot this is!"

The wind carried tidings of these things to other colonies, and brought back messages of praise and goodwill from other rulers, glad to know that the experiment worked so well.

This made a deep impression on the Golden-rods and their friends, for they could not deny that Violet had succeeded better than any one dared to hope; and the proud flowers began to see that they would have to give in, own they were wrong, and become loyal subjects of this wise and gentle queen.

"We shall have to go to Court if ambassadors keep coming with such gifts and honors to her Majesty; for they wonder not to see us there, and will tell that we are sulking at home instead of shining as we only can," said the Cardinals, longing to display their red velvet robes at the feasts which Violet was obliged to give in the palace when kings came to visit her.

"Our time will soon be over, and I'm afraid we must humble ourselves or lose all the gayety of the season. It is hard to see the good old ways changed; but if they must be, we can only gracefully submit," answered the Gentians, smoothing their delicate blue fringes, eager to be again the belles of the ball.

Clematis astonished every one by suddenly beginning to climb the maple-tree and shake her silvery tassels like a canopy over the Queen's head.

"I cannot live so near her and not begin to grow.

Since I must cling to something, I choose the noblest I can find, and look up, not down, forevermore," she said; for like many weak and timid creatures, she was easily guided, and it was well for her that Violet's example had been a brave one.

Prince Golden-rod had found it impossible to turn his back entirely upon her Majesty, for he was a gentleman with a really noble heart under his yellow cloak; so he was among the first to see, admire, and love the modest faithful flower who grew so near him. He could not help hearing her words of comfort or reproof to those who came to her for advice. He saw the daily acts of charity which no one else discovered; he knew how many trials came to her, and how bravely she bore them.

"She has done more than ever we did to make the kingdom beautiful and safe and happy, and I'll be the first to own it, to thank her and offer my allegiance," he said to himself, and waited for a chance.

One night when the September moon was shining over the meadow, and the air was balmy with the last breath of summer, the Prince ventured to serenade the Queen on his wind-harp. He knew she was awake; for he had peeped through the ferns and seen her looking at the stars with her violet eyes full of dew, as if something troubled her. So he sung his sweetest song, and her Majesty leaned nearer to hear it; for she much longed to be friends with the gallant Prince, because both

were born in the palace and grew up together very happily till coronation time came.

As he ended she sighed, wondering how long it would be before he told her what she knew was in his heart.

Golden-rod heard the soft sigh, and forgetting his pride, he pushed away the screen and whispered, while his face shone and his voice showed how much he felt,—

"What troubles you, sweet neighbor? Forget and forgive my unkindness, and let me help you if I can,— I dare not say as Prince Consort, though I love you dearly; but as a friend and faithful subject, for I confess that you are fitter to rule than I."

As he spoke the leaves that hid Violet's golden heart opened wide and let him see how glad she was, as she bent her stately head and answered softly,—

"There is room upon the throne for two: share it with me as King, and let us rule together."

What the Prince answered only the moon knows; but when morning came all the meadow was surprised and rejoiced to see the golden and purple flowers standing side by side, while the maple showered its rosy leaves over them, and the old rock waved his crown of vine-leaves as he said,—

"This is as it should be; love and strength going hand in hand, and justice making the earth glad."

-Louisa May Alcott



LAYING DOWN THE LAW
Owned by the Duke of Devonshire

Sir Edwin Landseer

## EDWIN LANDSEER—THE BOY

Edwin Landseer was a bright-eyed little English boy whose home was in the city of London. He was born March 7, 1802, and when only three or four years old he began to draw such good pictures that his family felt sure he would become an artist.

Edwin's father was an engraver and he knew a great deal about beautiful pictures. It pleased him that his little boy liked to draw and he began at once to teach him.

Edwin asked his father to make a picture for him to copy. But Mr. Landseer, who did not think this was the best way to learn to draw, took the boy out into the fields instead. He gave him pencil and paper and told him to look at some sheep nibbling grass and then make a picture of them. "Your own eyes are the best of all teachers," he said.

So Edwin looked closely at the sheep and drew what he saw as well as he could. In this way the little artist learned to know the sheep, cows, horses, donkeys and goats and saw how each one was different from the others. He always tried to draw each animal just as it looked to him.

Mr. Landseer watched the boy's work from day to day and helped him to make it better and better. Some of the drawings were so good that the proud father kept them. Now, after a hundred years they may still be seen in a great art building called the Kensington Museum in London.

Everybody who looks at these pictures wonders at the good drawings made by a little boy only five or six years old.

### THE LANDSEER CHILDREN

Edwin Landseer had three sisters and two brothers, all older than himself. The brothers' names were Charles and Thomas. These children spent many happy hours playing on Hampstead Heath which was not far from their home. There never was a better place for games and for races with the dogs, and there never was a happier group of children. Their father often shared in their frolics.

Nearly every day Mr. Landseer took his boys for a tramp across the open country that was used as a pasture. Before they started he would often say, "Well, my boys, what shall we draw to-day?" Perhaps Thomas would suggest a donkey and Charles a cow, but Edwin was almost sure to choose a dog. Then, with sketch books under their arms, away the little fellows would go. Sometimes they spent a whole morning in the sunny pasture watching some animal and trying to draw its picture.

Mr. Landseer encouraged the boys to do their best and showed them how to correct their mistakes. When noontime came they hurried home to show their sketches to their mother and she guessed what they had tried to draw.

The Landseer boys could draw horses, sheep and dogs long before they knew their letters. They loved



KING CHARLES' SPANIELS

National Gallery, London

Sir Edwin Landseer

all animals and their home was full of pets. Their father wanted them to learn to draw wild animals, so he took them often to the Zoological Gardens. There they watched the lions and tigers and made sketches of them which they took home to their mother and sisters. Whenever a new or strange animal was on exhibition in London, the Landseer boys were always there with note books and pencils. They loved to draw and they loved to be together.

## THE BOY ARTIST

Little by little the father and brothers of Edwin Landseer saw that his pictures were better than theirs. To be sure they could all sketch a dog, but Edwin's sketch was sure to show a particular kind of a dog. He seemed to find something in animals that the others did not see and he made his drawings tell what he saw and thought.

Mr. Landseer proudly watched Edwin's work year after year and helped him all he could. But Edwin learned so fast that when he was thirteen years old he knew all that his father could teach him.

There was an English painter named B.R. Hayden in London who gave lectures about art and artists. Mr. Landseer took his three sons to the studio of this man to see if he would teach them. Mr. Hayden agreed to do so, and he gave some work to Charles and Thomas, who afterward became fine engravers, but he knew from Edwin's drawings that the bright little fellow would be a great artist in a few years and he was glad to have such a pupil.

First of all, Mr. Hayden gave Edwin the parts of a lion to study. "If you wish to paint animals well, you must know how they are made," he said. So Edwin studied the large, shaggy head, the strong legs and the body of the lion. He learned to know the bones and the

joints of the great frame and the muscles that moved it, and made many sketches of it in different positions. Sometimes the great creature was deep in sleep, and again it was eagerly waiting for food. He studied the other animals in the same way and all this work helped him to make better and better pictures.

The next year the young artist became a pupil in the Royal Academy. He has been described as, "A bright lad, with light curly hair, and very gentle, graceful manners, and much manliness withal." It is no wonder that he was a favorite with the keeper of the Academy, who called him, "My little dog-boy."

After two years of study at the Academy, Master Landseer painted a wonderful dog picture. He had painted pictures before this, which had been on exhibition in London, but this was his first real success. Everyone wondered that a boy of sixteen could do such fine work.

All the people of London became interested in Edwin's pictures. No one could paint animals as he did. No one else could paint dogs with such silky ears and coats, or with such loving, trustful faces. People who could not afford to buy one of his paintings wanted a copy of one, at least, and Mr. Landseer, Charles and Thomas were kept busy engraving the pictures which Edwin painted.



THE CHALLENGE

Sir Edwin Landseer

## EDWIN LANDSEER AT MAIDA VALE

Once when Sir Walter Scott was in London he saw one of Edwin Landseer's pictures. He was so pleased with it that he sought out the young painter and they became good friends. Sir Walter told the artist about his favorite dog, "Maida," and about his other fine dogs and invited him to visit at his Highland home called "Abbotsford."

When Mr. Landseer was twenty-two years old he went to Scotland and visited Sir Walter's beautiful home. Then, for the first time, he saw deep forests, wild mountain sides and rushing streams. He tramped over fields of heather and fished and rowed on the beautiful Scotch lakes. Of course, he could not keep from painting the shy deer and the splendid stag as he saw them on the rugged mountains, and often when hunting, he dropped



THE SANCTUARY
Owned by the King of England

Sir Edwin Landseer

his gun to sketch a "King of the Forest" before the frightened animal fled to a hiding place.

After Mr. Landseer returned from Scotland he could paint better than ever and he was the most famous artist in London.

He then needed a larger studio and a large yard also, where he could keep the sheep, deer, goats and other animals which he wished to paint. He found a little cottage on St. John's Wood Road, a few miles from London, that was just the place he wanted. It was a quiet country home, with old-fashioned flower gardens and broad green lawns where he could frolic with his dogs, Tray and Blanche. The stable was made into a large studio so that he had a fine place to study and paint. One of his sisters came to live with him and the new home was named "Maida Vale," after Sir Walter Scott's pet dog.

# EDWIN LANDSEER AND THE DOGS

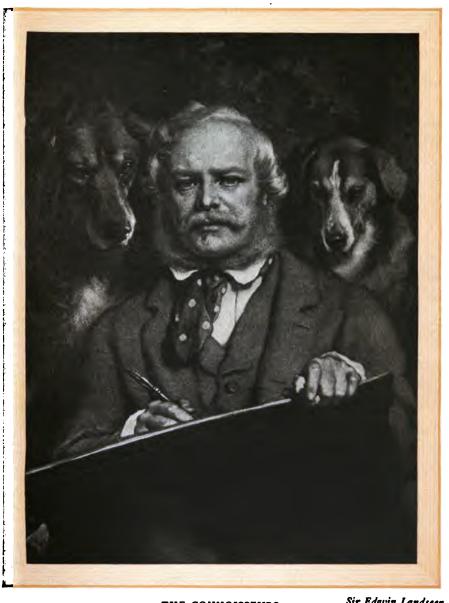
Edwin Landseer was fond of all animals, but he was especially fond of dogs. He had a way of making them know that he loved them.

In his walks about London city, he was often followed by a little troup of dogs, leaping and barking around him in delight. Even strange dogs that he had never seen before joined in the frolic, as if they were his old-time friends.

A woman once said to him, "How is it, Mr. Landseer, that dogs know that you are fond of them? How do you gain the love of dogs you have never seen before?" "By simply peeping into their hearts, madam," replied Mr. Landseer. And that is just what he did. He knew that every dog had a loving heart and he tried to win its affection and trust by kindness.

But most of all Mr. Landseer admired intelligent dogs. He enjoyed teaching them clever tricks. No doubt he taught his own dogs, Tray and Blanche, to carry a basket to market, to bring in the letters from the postman, to speak for a biscuit and to catch it without missing.

When his favorite terrier, Brutus, died, Mr. Landseer was quite broken hearted. He never allowed himself to care so much for any one of his dogs again, but made them all his good friends.



THE CONNOISSEURS Owned by the King of England

Sir Edwin Landseer

#### TWA DOGS

Robert Burns, a Scotch poet, once wrote a poem about two dogs. One of these dogs was his own pet collie and the other was a great black and white Newfoundland whom Burns called Caesar. The collie lived in a simple cottage home but Caesar came from the laird's house and

"His locke'd, lettered, braw brass collar Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar."

Although these dogs came from such different homes, they were great friends. One June afternoon, tired of running about on the heather-covered hillsides, they sat down upon a grassy knoll to talk.

"I've often wondered," Caesar began, "what sort of lives poor dogs like you have. I have seen a rich man's life and I wonder how *poor* bodies live at all. My master has lands and houses. He has servants to answer his bell. His coach and horses come at his call and he draws a bonny silken purse as long as my tail."

The collie replied, "True, Caesar, the poor Cotter is troubled enough. He must work in the ditch or dyke or quarry to support his wife and children. There is only his day's work to keep them from want and if there is sickness or lack of work they may suffer from hunger and cold. But, though I don't know how it comes, they are wonderfully contented, and in their homes grow fine, strong boys and girls."



TWA DOGS

Sir Edwin Landseer

But this answer did not satisfy Caesar. He told of many things he had noticed that must make the lives of poor people very hard and said,

> "I see how folks live that hae riches: But surely poor folk maun be wretches!"

The collie, however, knew what good times were enjoyed in the Cotter's home. He told Caesar how happy the father was to see his children when he came home at night, and how good the hard work made his rest seem. Then in November there were the merry harvest home festivals, when all the country people met to have good times together. With songs and stories and all sorts of jolly fun they forgot that there was a care upon earth. At New Year's, too, the family shut the door on frost and cold winds. Gathered at the fireside, the older people had their simple joys while the children played such lively games that even the dog barked for joy.

Caesar now began to see that he did not understand all about the lives of the poor and said that perhaps some of the rich would be happier if they would content themselves with simple pleasures. The sun went down while the two dogs were still wisely talking. Then they got up and shook themselves.

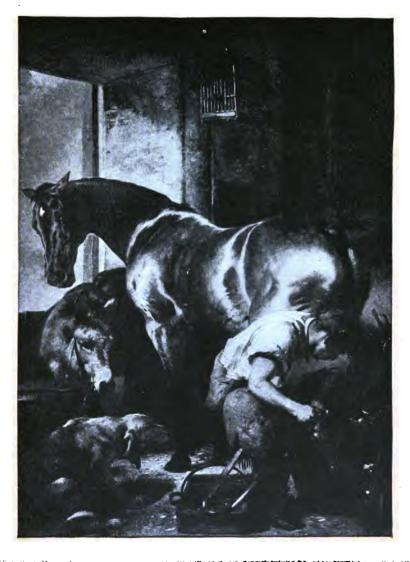
> "Rejoiced they were na men but dogs; An' each took off his several way, Resolved to meet some ither day."

Edwin Landseer greatly enjoyed reading this poem and he painted a picture of the dogs as they were having their conversation.

# DRAWING WITH TWO PENCILS

Mr. Landseer was once spending the evening with some friends when he heard a lady say that it was not possible to draw two objects at the same time.

"Oh, I can do that," said the artist. "Lend me two pencils and I will show you." Using a pencil in each hand, he drew a stag's head with one hand, and at the same time, the head of a horse with the other.



HORSESHOEING

Sir Edwin Landseer

# A JACK IN OFFICE

The picture, "A Jack in Office," tells an interesting story. The dog Jack and his master have a queer little meat shop together. They have been partners for years. The master takes the money for his share of the earnings while Jack has all the meat he wants and a good home in return for his work.

The shop is really only a covered wheelbarrow that is moved from door to door.

Each morning Jack and his master start out with a loaded cart and stop at every house until the meat is sold. Jack's work is to watch the shop whenever it is left in his care.

In the picture we see that Jack has been left in charge while the master is taking orders. He knows that the odor of meat will soon draw a crowd of hungry dogs and has seated himself firmly on the top of the wheelbarrow. Long ago he has learned that from this place he can keep watch on all sides.

Just as he expected, the dogs of the neighborhood have come trooping around the shop. But Jack is ready for them. He has been in business long enough to know which dog is the most likely to make trouble, and he keeps a steady eye on that one. Under his stern look not a single creature dares to meddle. Only one hungry-looking dog is bold enough to hope to get a bit from the



A JACK IN OFFICE

Sir Edavin Landseer

basket. The others look eagerly at Jack as if asking him to pity them and give them just a little piece. But Jack does not pity them. He has all he wants to eat and he does not know how it feels to be hungry. His business is to guard the shop and he does that as well as he knows how.

Mr. Landseer was always on the watch for some interesting animal to paint. Very likely he saw the scene which he has called "A Jack in Office," on one of his walks about London and made his picture, so that it would tell the story of Jack and his work.



Sir Edwin Landsesr A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY National Gallery. London

### PAUL PRY

Down the streets of London one morning trotted a big Newfoundland dog, carrying a basket of bright flowers. He was a handsome sight with his white, shaggy coat and his noble head held high, and many people turned to look at him. This dog's name was Paul Pry. His master was very proud of him and was pleased when Edwin Landseer, who had seen the fine dog on the street, wished to paint his picture.

Mr. Landseer knew that Newfoundland dogs liked the water. He knew, too, that they were strong swimmers and that they often saved people from drowning. He thought of these things when the dog came to the studio to sit for his picture and so painted him lying on a pier. The little waves splash against the iron ring, to which boats are sometimes tied, and tell that the tide is high, while the cloudy sky flecked with gulls, hints that a storm may be near. The dog is facing the sea and seems to be watching something on the water. It may be only the dipping of an oar or the trail of a vessel sailing out to sea, but the lifted ears and half-open mouth show that he is ready for action if any one is in danger.

Because such dogs have saved many lives, Mr. Landseer playfully named the picture of Paul Pry, "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society." The dog's master became the owner of the picture and he very generously gave it to the National Art Gallery at London where it still hangs.

#### THE FOUR WINDS

The South wind brings wet weather, The North wind wet and cold together; The West wind always brings us rain, The East wind blows it back again.

#### SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

One morning when Mr. Landseer was busy with paints and brushes, he saw Queen Victoria riding up St. John's Wood Road on horseback. She had come to call on him. He quickly changed his coat and hurried down to meet her. The young Queen shook hands with Mr. Landseer and they talked about their dogs and horses like old friends.

Very often after that morning the Queen's beautiful horse was seen waiting at Mr. Landseer's door while he was changing his coat for a morning ride. Later, Mr. Landseer painted a picture of the Queen on horseback, showing how finely she managed her spirited horse.

Mr. Landseer painted over one hundred of the members and pets of the royal family, and for thirty years he was a welcome guest at the Queen's palace. He painted so well that the Queen made him a Knight, and he was then known as Sir Edwin Landseer. Prizes and honors were offered him. He deserved them all, for there was not an animal that he could not draw and paint well.

#### THE CHASE

The antlered monarch of the waste Sprung from his heathery couch in haste. But, ere his fleet career he took, The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;



KING OF THE FOREST

Sir Edwin Landseer

Like crested leader proud and high, Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky; A moment gazed adown the dale, A moment snuffed the tainted gale, A moment listened to the cry, That thickened as the chase drew nigh.

-Sir Walter Scott

### THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA

There was once a Prince who wanted to marry a Princess, but she must be a real Princess. He traveled about all through the world to find a real one. There were Princesses enough, but whether they were real Princesses or not, he could not quite make out. There was always something that did not seem quite right. At last he came home again and was very sad, for he wished so much to have a real Princess.

One evening there was a dreadful storm. It lightened and thundered and the rain streamed down. It was fearful.

In the midst of the storm there was a knocking at the town gate and the old King went out to open it.

Just outside the gate stood a Princess. But, mercy! how she looked, from the rain and the rough weather! The water ran down from her hair and her clothes. It ran in at the points of her shoes and out at the heels; and yet she declared that she was a real Princess.

"Yes, we will soon find that out," thought the old Queen. But she said nothing, only went into the bedchamber, took all the bedding off and put a pea on the flooring of the bedstead. Then she took twenty mattresses and laid them upon the pea, and then twenty eider-down beds upon the mattresses.

The Princess lay on this bed all night and in the morning she was asked how she had slept.

"Oh, miserably!" said the Princess. "I scarcely closed my eyes all night long. Goodness knows what was in my bed. I lay upon something hard, so that I am black and blue all over. It is quite dreadful!"

Now they saw that she was a real Princess, for through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eider-down beds she had felt the pea. No one but a real Princess could be so delicate.

So the Prince took her for his wife, for now he knew that he had a true Princess. And the pea was put in the museum, and there it is now, unless somebody has carried it off.

Look you, this is a true story.

—Hans Christian Andersen

# HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S CHILDHOOD

A little more than a hundred years ago, Hans Christian Andersen was born far across the sea in the country of Denmark. His home was in the city of Odense, and a queer little home it was. It had but two small rooms, and a little garden, which was only a great chest set upon the roof of the house and filled with soil.

The father of Hans was a shoemaker. His shoemaker's bench, the bed and the baby's crib almost filled one room.

The little kitchen was full of shining plates and

pans, and a ladder led to the roof where the family vegetables grew in the great chest.

Little Hans was the only child in the family. When he was old enough his father took him out into the woods. He let him run about and pick wild flowers and gather sweet wild berries.

Sometimes his father read stories and plays to Hans. Then he made a little toy theater for him, and cut out pictures that could be moved about. His grandmother told him many stories, too, and he loved to play in his little theater the stories that they told him.

Hans was a very timid, awkward boy, who liked to play with dolls and who did not like the games that other boys enjoyed. At school he would not go out to play, but sat in the schoolroom alone. When the boys on the street wanted him to join in their sports, he ran away. Then they laughed at him and teased him, so that he was often very unhappy.

When Hans was still quite a small boy his father died. His mother then had to go out to work and Hans was left, more than ever, to do as he chose. He went to school very little, but spent most of his time reading stories and playing with his dolls and theater. He often tried to write plays of his own, though he wrote and spelled very poorly.

At last Hans' mother thought he should be getting ready to work as other boys did. She believed he was a born tailor because he liked to make doll's clothes. But he could not become a tailor without more learning, so he was sent to school again. But Hans liked neither school nor work. He had a fine voice and could sing well, so he thought he could be a great singer or actor. At any rate, he felt sure that he was to do some *great* thing, though what it was he could not tell.

## THE CANDLES

There was a great Wax-candle that was very proud of itself.

"I am born in wax and moulded in a form," it said. "I give more light and burn a longer time than any other light. My place is in the big chandelier or silver candlestick."

"That must be a charming life!" said the Tallow-candle. "I am made of tallow, I am only a tallow dip. But then I comfort myself by thinking that it is better to be a tallow-candle than a mere taper. A taper is dipped only two times. I am dipped eight times to get a decent thickness. I'm satisfied. To be sure it would have been finer to have been born in wax than in tallow, but one doesn't fix himself. Wax-candles are put in great rooms and in glass candlesticks. I live in the kitchen, but that is a good place, too. All the good things to eat are made there."

"There is something that is more important than eating!" said the Wax-candle. "Good company,—to see them shine and to shine yourself. There is going to be a ball here this evening. I and all my family will soon be sent for."

Just then all the Wax-lights were sent for, and the Tallow-candle, too. The mistress took it in her delicate hand and carried it out into the kitchen. There stood a little boy with a basket full of potatoes and apples. The good lady had given them to the poor little boy.

"Here is a candle for you, my little friend," she said.
"Your mother sits up and works until late at night. She can use this."

The lady's little daughter stood near her, and when she heard the words "Late at ..ight," she said eagerly. "And I'm going to sit up till night, too! We're going to have a ball, and I'm to wear big red bows for it."

How her face shone! Yes, that was happiness! No wax-light could shine like the little girl's eyes.

"I never shall see anything lovelier than that little girl's face," thought the Tallow-candle. "I shall never forget it." Then the candle was laid in the basket under the cover and the boy took it away.

"Where am I going to now?" thought the Candle. "I shall be with poor folks, perhaps not even get a brass candlestick. The Wax-light is stuck in silver and sees the fine folks! What can be more delightful than to be



THE BREAKFAST

P. Descelles

a light among fine folks. That's just my lot,—tallow, not wax!"

And so the candle came to the poor people, a widow with five children, in a little low room, right opposite the rich house.

"God bless the good lady for what she gave!" said the mother. "It is a splendid candle. It can burn till far into the night."

And the candle was lighted.

"Pugh!" it said. "That was a horrid match she

lighted me with. One would not offer such a thing as that to a Wax-candle over at the rich house."

There also the Wax-candles were lighted and shone out over the street. Carriages rumbled up to the rich house with guests for the ball. They were all dressed finely and the music soon began.

"Now they are beginning over there," said the Tallow-candle. And it thought of the little girl's face which was brighter than all the Wax-lights. "I shall never see that sight any more," it sighed.

Just then one of the smallest of the children in the poor family came in. She was a little girl, and she put her arms around her brother and sister's necks. She had something very important to tell them and she must whisper it.

"We're going to have this evening,—just think of it,—we're going to have this evening warm potatoes!" and her face beamed with happiness. The Candle shone right at her, and saw a pleasure, a happiness, as great as was in the rich house, where the little girl said, "We are going to have a ball this evening and I shall wear some big red bows."

"Is it such a great thing to get warm potatoes?" thought the Candle. "Well, here is the same joy over little things." Then it sneezed its approval, that is, it sputtered, and no candle could do more than that.

The table was spread, the potatoes were eaten. How

good they tasted! It was a real feast, then each got an apple besides, and the smallest child sang the little verse,—

"Now thanks, dear Lord, I give to thee, That thou again hast filled me. Amen."

"Wasn't that said prettily?" asked the little girl.

"You mustn't ask that," said the mother. "You should only thank God who has given you this good food to eat."

The little children went to bed after a good-night kiss and fell asleep right away. The mother sat till far into the night and sewed to get a living for them and for herself.

From the rich house the lights shone and the music sounded. The stars twinkled over all the houses alike, over the rich and over the poor, just as clear, just as kindly.

"This is truly a rare evening," thought the Tallowcandle. "Do you think the Wax-lights have had any better time in their silver candlesticks? that I'd like to know before I am burnt out!"

And it thought of the happy faces of the two little girls, the one lighted by a Wax-light and the other by a Tallow-candle.

Yes, that is the story.

#### HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

How He Became Famous

When Hans Christian Andersen was fourteen years old, he had saved a little money and he wanted to try his fortune in the great city. He was a tall, lean boy with long, light curling hair. He had formed the habit of going about in a dreamy way with his eyes nearly closed, so that many people thought he had weak sight.

He wore queer clothes cut over from his father's, and he had his first pair of boots at this time, which made him feel quite like a man.

Hans was always trying to get some one to listen to one of the plays or poems that he had written. But people usually laughed at him and often spoke to his mother about his odd ways. The poor woman did not know what to do with her strange, awkward boy. She at last consented to let him go to the large city of Copenhagen to see what he could do. So one morning he went away from the gates of his own city with a small bundle of clothing in his hand, and only his mother and grandmother noticed his going.

Hans reached the city of Copenhagen and tried to do first one thing and then another. His voice soon failed so that he could not sing, and he found that he was not an actor. It was hard to find any work that he could do, but he did not want to return to Odense. He tried to earn money by writing plays and poems, though he could hardly spell a word correctly. Every one told him that he needed to study a long time before he could succeed in writing well. Once in a while some friendly person helped him with clothing or money, but he often suffered with want and with shame at his failures.

At last a good man became interested in him and got the King, Frederick VI., to grant the money for his support at school.

Now began a happier life for the boy. For several years he studied at good schools. He made some friends and by the time his school days were over his writing had improved greatly.

After a time the King gave him money so that he could travel to other countries and know other people. He began to write wonder stories as well as poems and plays. At last, when he was about thirty-four years old, the Danish government paid him a regular salary. Now he did not need to write for money, and he spent the rest of his life traveling through many lands and writing stories and poems that people everywhere still like to read.

When Hans Christian Andersen was over sixty years old, the people of Odense gave a great festival in his honor, for they were very proud that he had been born in their city.

The city was made gay with flags in the day-time and bright with torches at night. The people marched and made speeches and sang Andersen's poems. But the children's part was best of all. Their famous friend sat in a great arm chair in the middle of the town hall while the gaily dressed boys and girls came, two by two, and sang and danced about him in a happy ring.

Like his own "Ugly Duckling" he had slipped away from his native place in youth, and when he had grown to be a famous man, he was welcomed back with praise. All this made the old man proud and glad. He lived to be seventy years old and to know that children of many lands enjoyed his stories and loved his name.

#### THE UGLY DUCKLING

It was glorious out in the country. It was summer. The corn-fields were yellow, the oats were green and the hay had been put up in stacks in the meadows. The stork went about on his long red legs and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother.

All around the fields and meadows were great forests and in the midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was right glorious out in the country.

In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm with deep canals about it. From the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the tallest of them. It was just as wild as in the deepest wood. Here sat a duck upon her nest. She had to hatch her ducklings, but she was almost tired out before the little ones came. She had very few visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up to sit down under a burdock and cackle with her.

At last one egg-shell after another burst open. "Piep! Piep!" something cried, and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Quack! quack!" they said. And they all came quacking out as fast as they could, looking all around them under the green leaves. The mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eye.

"How wide the world is!" said all the young ones. They certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world?" said the mother. "It stretches far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field; but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," and she stood up. "No, you are not all out of your shells. The largest egg still lies there. How long will it last? I am really tired of it!" and she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old Duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with that one egg," said the Duck who sat there. "It will not burst. Now, only look

at the others. Are they not the prettiest little ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father: the rogue, he never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst," said the old visitor. "You may be sure it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way and had much trouble with the little ones, for they were afraid of the water. I really could not get them to go in. I quacked and I clacked, but it was no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that's a turkey's egg. Let it lie there while you teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the Duck. "I've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old Duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. "Piep! piep!" said the little one, and crept out. It was very large and very ugly.

The Duck looked at it. "It's a very large duckling," she said. "None of the others look like that. Can it really be a turkey chick? Well, we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, even if I have to push it in myself."

The next day was bright and beautiful. The sun shone on all the green trees. The Mother-Duck went down to the canal with her family. Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and one duck-



DUCK AND DUCKLINGS

J. Hulk

ling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in a moment and swam finely. Their legs went of themselves, and they were all in the water. The ugly gray Duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said the Mother-Duck. "See how well it can use its legs, and how straight it holds itself. It is my own child! On the whole it is quite pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! quack! come with me and I will lead you out into the great world, and introduce you in the duck-yard. But you must keep close to me, so that no one will step on you, and look out for the cats!"

So they came into the duck-yard. There was a terrible riot going on in there, for two families were quarreling about an eel's head and the cat got it after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the Mother-Duck; and she whetted her beak, for she, too, wanted the eel's head. "Use your legs," she said. "Bustle about and bow your heads to the old Duck yonder. She is the grandest of all here. She has a red rag around her leg; that is something very fine, and shows that the farmer does not want to lose her. Shake yourselves and don't turn in your toes. A well-bred duck turns its toes quite out, just like father and mother,—so. Now bend your necks and say 'Quack!'"

And they did so, but the other ducks looked at them and said quite boldly,—

"Look there! now we must have these ducks hanging on, as if there were not enough of us already! And—fie! —how that Duckling yonder looks! We won't stand that!" And one duck flew at it and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother. "It does no harm to any one."

"Yes, but it's too large and queer," said the Duck who had bitten it; "and so it must be put down."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has there," said the old Duck with the rag around her leg. "They are all pretty but one, which seems to be unlucky."

"I know one of my Ducklings is not pretty," said the

Mother-Duck, "but it has a very good disposition and swims as well as any other, yes, it even swims better. I think it will grow up pretty and become smaller in time. It has lain too long in the egg and so is not well shaped." And then she pinched it in the neck and smoothed its feathers. "It is a drake," she said, "and so it does not make so much difference. I think he will be very strong. He gets about well already."

"The other Ducklings are graceful enough," said the old Duck. "Make yourself at home, and if you find an eel's head you may bring it to me."

Now they were at home in the duck-yard. But the poor Duckling which had crept last out of the egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and laughed at, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It is too big!" they all said. And the turkey-cock, who had been born with spurs and thought himself an emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail and bore straight down upon it, then he gobbled and grew quite red in the face.

The poor little Duckling did not know where it could stand or walk. It was quite unhappy because it looked ugly and because every one in the duck-yard made fun of it. Things grew worse and worse. Even the Duckling's brothers and sisters were quite angry with it, and said, "If only the cat would catch you, you ugly creature!" And the mother said, "If you were only far

away!" And the ducks bit it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling, and it shut its eyes but flew on further. At last it came out into the great moor, where the wild ducks lived. Here it lay the whole night long, and it was very tired and unhappy.

Towards morning the wild ducks flew up and looked at their new companion.

"What sort of a one are you?" they asked. The Duckling turned in every direction and bowed as well as it could. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the wild ducks. "But that is nothing to us so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! It certainly did not think of marrying. It only wanted to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp water.

Two days went by, then there came to the moor two wild geese, or more properly speaking, two wild ganders. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that is why they were so saucy.

"Listen, friend," said one of them. "You are so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us and become a bird of passage? There is another moor near here where there are a few sweet, lovely wild geese, all unmarried, and all able to say 'Rap!' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are."

"Piff! paff!" resounded through the air, and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp and the water became blood red. "Piff! paff!" it sounded again, and the whole flock of wild geese rose up from the reeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The hunters were lying in wait all around the moor, and some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees, which spread far over the reeds. The blue smoke rose up like clouds among the dark trees, and was carried far away across the water. The hunting dogs came into the swamp,—splash! splash!—and the reeds and the rushes bent down on every side. That was a fright for the poor Duckling! It turned its head and put it under its wing, and at that moment a frightful great dog stood close by the Duckling. He put his nose close against the Duckling, showed his sharp teeth, and -splash! splash!—on he went without touching it.

"O, heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so it laid quite quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, all was still. But the poor Duckling did not dare to rise up. It waited several hours before it looked around, and then hurried away out of the moor as fast as it could go. It ran on over the field and meadow, though it was hard to get from one place to another because of the storm.

When it was nearly evening the Duck came to a poor little hut. This hut was so dilapidated that it did not itself know on which side it should fall, and that is why it remained standing. The storm whistled round the Duckling so that the poor creature had to sit down or it would have been blown away. The wind blew worse and worse. At last the Duckling saw that one of the hinges of the door was broken, and the door hung so slanting that the Duckling could slip through the crack into the room; and that is what it did.

Here lived a woman with her Cat and her Hen. The Cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his back and purr, he could even give out sparks when one stroked his fur the wrong way. The Hen had quite little short legs, and so she was called Chickabiddy Shortshanks. She laid good eggs and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was found and the Cat began to purr and the Hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all around. She could not see well and she thought that the Duckling was a fat duck that had lost its way. "This is a rare prize!" she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs. I hope it is not a drake. We must try that."

And so the Duckling was admitted on trial for three

weeks, but no eggs came. The Cat was the master of the house and the Hen was the lady, and she always said "We and the world!" for she thought they were half of the world, and by far the better half. The Duckling thought one might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not allow it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Then will you hold your tongue!"

And the Cat said, "Can you curve your back and purr and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then will you please have no opinion of your own when sensible folks are speaking."

And so the Duckling sat in the corner and was sad. Then the sunshine and the fresh air filled the room, and the Duckling had such a strange longing to swim on the water that it could not help telling the Hen of it.

"What are you thinking of?" cried the Hen. "You have nothing to do, that's why you have these fancies. Lay eggs or purr and then you will not care about the water."

"But it is so fine to swim on the water!" said the Duckling. "It is such a delightful feeling to have the water close over your head and to dive down to the bottom."

"Yes, that must be a great pleasure truly," said the

Hen. "I think you must have gone crazy. Ask the Cat about it. He is the wisest animal I know. Ask him if he likes to swim on the water, or to dive to the bottom. Ask our mistress, the old woman, no one in the world is wiser than she. Do you think she would like to swim and let the water close above her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"We don't understand you? Then pray who is to understand you? You surely don't think yourself wiser than the Cat and the woman—I won't say anything of myself. Don't be conceited, child, and thank your Maker for all the kindness you have received. You have found a warm home, and friends from whom you can learn something. But you are a great talker and are not very pleasant company. I am saying unpleasant things to you, but I speak for your good, as a true friend should. Only take care that you learn to lay eggs, or to purr, or to give out sparks!"

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the Hen.

And so the Duckling went away. It swam on the water and it dived, but it was slighted by every creature because it was so ugly.

Autumn came. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown. The wind caught them and danced them about. The air was very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snow-flakes, and the raven stood on

the fence and cried, "Croak! croak!" because he was so cold. The poor Duckling was not having a good time.

One evening as the sun was setting in beauty, there came a flock of handsome birds out of the bushes. were dazzlingly white, with long, slender necks. They were swans. They gave a strange cry, spread their beautiful, great wings, and flew away from that cold region to warmer lands, to fair open lakes. They rose so high, so high! The Duckling felt very strangely as it watched them. It turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out its neck towards them, and gave a strange, loud cry that frightened even itself. Oh! It could not forget those beautiful, happy birds. When it could see them no longer it dived down to the very bottom of the water, and when it came up again it was very happy. It did not know the name of the birds nor did it know where they were going, but it loved them more than it had loved any-one. It was not at all envious of them. It did not think of wishing to be as lovely as they were. It would have been glad if only the ducks would be good to it,—the poor, ugly creature!

The winter grew cold, very cold! The Duckling had to swim about in the water to keep the surface from freezing over. But every night the hole in which it swam about became smaller and smaller. At last the Duckling grew very tired and lay quite still, and so froze fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came by. When he saw what had happened he took his wooden shoe, broke the ice-crust to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife. Then it came to itself again. The children wanted to play with it, but the Duckling thought they wanted to hurt it. In its fright it fluttered up into the milk-pan and spilled the milk over the floor. The woman clapped her hands and the frightened Duckling flew down into the butter-tub and then into the meal-barrel and out again. Then how it looked! The woman screamed and struck at it with the fire-tongs. The children tumbled over one another in their efforts to catch the Duckling. They laughed and they screamed. It was well that the door stood open, so the poor creature could slip out between the shrubs into the newly fallen snow, and there it lay quite tired out.

It would be too sad a story if I were to tell all the suffering that the Duckling had to bear during the long, hard winter. It lay out on the moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine again in the spring and the larks began to sing.

It was a beautiful spring. All at once the Duckling flapped its wings. They were stronger than they had been before. The Duckling rose higher and higher and before it knew what was happening, it found itself in a great garden. It was very beautiful in the garden. The

trees bent their long green branches down to the clear water in the canal. From the bushes came three beautiful white swans. They rustled their wings and swam lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the splendid creatures, and it felt a strange sadness.

"I will fly to the royal birds," it thought, "and they will beat me, because I, that am so ugly, dare come near them. But it will make no difference. Better be killed by them than be chased by the ducks, or beaten by the fowls, or pushed about by the girl who takes care of the poultry yard, or to suffer hunger in winter!" And it flew out into the water and swam toward the beautiful swans. The swans looked at it and came sailing down upon it with outspread wings. "Kill me!" said the poor Duckling, and bent its head down upon the water, expecting nothing but death. But what was this that it saw in the clear water? It saw its own reflection, and lo! it was no longer a clumsy dark-gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but a—swan!

It matters nothing if one be born in a duck-yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg.

Now it was very happy. The great swans swam round it and stroked it with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden and threw bread and corn into the water. The youngest cried, "There is a new swan!" and the other children shouted joyously, "Yes, a new swan has come!" And they

clapped their hands and danced about, and ran and told their father and mother. More bread and cake were thrown into the water, and the children all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all! so young and handsome!" The old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed and hid his head under his wings, for he did not know what to do. He was very happy and yet not at all proud. He thought how badly he had been treated all his life and now he heard some one calling him the most beautiful of all birds. Even the elder-tree bent its branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried joyously,—

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!"

-Hans Christian Andersen

# THE DAISY.

Now you shall hear!

Out in the country, close by the road-side, there was a country-house. You yourself have certainly seen it. In front of it was a little garden of flowers. Close by it, by the ditch, in the beautiful green grass grew a little Daisy. The sun shone as warmly and as brightly upon it as upon the splendid garden flowers, and so it grew from hour to hour.

One morning the Daisy stood in full bloom, with its shining white leaves spreading like rays around the little yellow sun in the center. It did not think itself a poor, despised flower and that no one would notice it. No, it was very merry, it looked up at the warm sun and listened to the Lark caroling high in the air.

The little Daisy was as happy as if it were a great holiday, and yet it was only a Monday. All the children were at school. While they sat on their benches learning, the Daisy sat on its little green stalk and learned from the warm sun and from all around, how good God is. The Daisy was very glad that everything which it thought and felt was sung so beautifully by the Lark. It looked up with a kind of respect to the happy bird who could sing and fly. But it was not at all sorrowful that it could not fly and sing also.

"I can see and hear," it thought. "The sun shines on me, and the forest kisses me. Oh, how many rich things are given to me!"

Inside the garden walls stood many stiff, aristocratic flowers, the less perfume they had the more they flaunted. The peonies blew themselves out to be greater than the roses, but size will not do it. The tulips had the most splendid colors and they knew it and held themselves bolt upright, that they might be seen more plainly. They did not notice the little Daisy outside there, but the Daisy looked at them a great deal and thought, "How

rich and beautiful they are! Yes, the pretty bird flies across to them and visits them. I am glad that I stand so near them, for at any rate I can enjoy their splendor."

And just as she thought that—"keevit!"—down flew the Lark, but not to the peonies and tulips—no, down into the grass to the lowly Daisy, which jumped so for joy it did not know what to think.

The little bird danced around about it and sang,—
"Oh, how soft the grass is! and see what a lovely little
flower, with gold in its heart and silver on its dress!"
The yellow point in the Daisy looked like gold and the
little leaves around it shone silvery white.

How happy the little Daisy was! Nobody can think how happy! The bird kissed it with its beak and sang to it, and then flew up again into the blue air.

A quarter of an hour passed, at least, before the Daisy could recover itself. Half ashamed, yet very happy, it looked at the other flowers in the garden, for they had seen how the bird had honored the Daisy and must understand what a joy it was. But the tulips stood up twice as stiff as before and they looked quite peaky in the face and quite red, for they had been vexed. The peonies were quite wrong-headed. It was well they could not speak, or the Daisy would have received a good scolding. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humor, and she was sorry.

Just at this moment a little girl with a great, sharp,



THE SONG OF THE LARK
Chicago Art Institute

Jules Breton

shining knife came into the garden. She went straight to the tulips and cut off one after another of them.

"Oh," sighed the little Daisy, "that is dreadful! Now it is all over with them."

Then the girl went away with the tulips. The Daisy was glad to stand out in the grass and be only a poor little flower. It felt very grateful, and when the sun went down it folded its leaves and went to sleep, and dreamed all night about the sun and the pretty little bird.

The next morning when the flower again stretched out all its white leaves, like little arms, toward the air and the light, it heard the voice of the bird, but the song he was singing sounded sad. Yes, the poor Lark had good reason to be sad. He was caught and now sat in a cage close by the open window. He sang of his free and happy roaming. He sang of the young green corn in the fields, and of the long journey he would like to make on his wings through the air. The poor Lark was not happy, for there he sat a prisoner in a cage.

The little Daisy wished very much to help him, but what was it to do? Yes, that was difficult to make out. It quite forgot how beautiful everything was around it, how warm the sun shone, and how splendidly white its own leaves were. Ah! it could think only of the imprisoned bird, and how it could do nothing to help him.

Just then two little boys came out of the garden. One of them carried in his hand the knife which the girl had used to cut off the tulips. They went straight up to the little Daisy, which could not at all make out what they wanted.

"Here we may cut a fine piece of turf for the Lark," said one of the boys; and he began to cut off a square patch round about the Daisy, so that the flower remained standing in its piece of grass.

"Tear off the flower!" said the other boy.

And the Daisy trembled with fear, for to be torn off would be to lose its life. Now it wanted very much to live, and to be given with the piece of turf to the captive Lark.

"No, let it stay," said the other boy; "it makes such a nice ornament."

And so it was left and was put into the Lark's cage.

The poor little bird cried aloud for his liberty, and beat his wings against the wires of his prison. The little Daisy could not speak to comfort him, and so the whole morning passed.

"Here is no water," said the Lark. "They have all gone out and have forgotten to give me anything to drink. My throat is dry and burning. Oh, I must die! I must leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green, and all the splendor that God has made!"

And then he thrust his beak into the cool turf to refresh himself a little with it. As he did this his eye fell upon the Daisy and he nodded to it and kissed it with his beak, and said:—

"You also must wither in here, poor little flower. They have given you to me with the little patch of green on which you grew, instead of the whole world which was mine out there. Every little blade of grass shall be a great tree for me, and every one of your fragrant leaves a great flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost!"

"If I could only comfort him!" thought the Daisy.

It could not stir a leaf, but the scent which came from its delicate leaves was much stronger than usual. The bird noticed it, and though he was fainting with thirst, he ate only the green grass and did not touch the flower.

It was evening and yet no one came to give the poor bird a drop of water. He stretched out his pretty wings and beat the air wildly with them. His song changed to a mournful piping, his head sank down toward the flower and his little heart broke.

The flower could not fold its leaves and sleep as it had done the evening before. It drooped, sorrowful and sick toward the earth.

The boys did not come till the next morning, and when they found the bird dead they wept—wept many tears. They dug a neat grave for the bird, which they covered with the petals of flowers. They put his body into a pretty red box, for he was to be royally buried,—

the poor bird! When he was alive and could sing they forgot him, they let him sit in his cage and suffer want. Now that he was dead they gave him flowers and tears.

The patch of turf with the Daisy on it was thrown out into the road. No one thought about the flower that had been so sorry for the little bird and had wanted so much to comfort him.

-Hans Christian Andersen

### **MARCH**

I wonder what spendthrift chose to spill Such bright gold under my window-sill! Is it fairy gold? Does it glitter still? Bless me! it is but a daffodil!

And look at the crocusses, keeping tryst With the daffodil by the sunshine kissed! Like beautiful bubbles of amethyst They seem, blown out of the earth's snow-mist.

Who said that March was a scold and a shrew?
Who said she had nothing on earth to do
But tempests and furies and rages to brew?
Why, look at the wealth she has lavished on you!

O March that blusters and March that blows, What color under your footsteps glows! Beauty you summon from winter snows, And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.

-Celia Thaxter

#### CELIA THAXTER

About ten miles off the coast of New Hampshire lies a group of eight small rocky islands. They are called the Isles of Shoals. Much of the surface of these islands is bare, gray granite rocks. In the little hollows and valleys low green shrubs and lovely blossoming plants grow, but trees do not flourish in the thin soil.

Beautiful birds come to the islands. They like the green bushes, the narrow little beaches and the high, rocky cliffs. On some of the islands a few fishermen live and on one of them stands a tall lighthouse.

When Celia Thaxter was only five years old, her father, Mr. Laighton, brought his family to these islands to live. Mr. Laighton was to be keeper of the lighthouse and the new home was the little stone cottage near it. Beneath its low roof and within its strong, thick walls the family were safe when the wild storms made wind and waves beat fiercely upon their little island.

Through the long winter months they were snug and warm and happy with their books and lessons, their work and play, their plants and birds. The children often climbed into the deep window-seat to watch the tossing waves or to see the great lights shine out over the dark waters.

When summer came, Celia and her two brothers had long hours of play out of doors. They climbed over the

rocks and found fine places for playhouses. They piled up the coarse, wet gravel along the shore and waded in the shallow water gathering pretty shells and sea-weeds. Sometimes they sat on a high cliff and watched the white sea-gulls and the sails of ships going by. They loved to watch the sky, too, with the soft clouds floating overhead and always they watched the wonderful changing ocean.

But more than all these things, little Celia loved the birds. She knew how to make friends with them. She talked with them as if they were children. When the cold and frost drove them away she was lonely. She sang for joy when they came back with the warm winds and the sunshine of spring. She never forgot these little friends and when she grew to be a woman she wrote many poems about them.

In Mrs. Thaxter's yard at her later home in Newton, Massachusetts, a large cherry tree grew close to the house. In this tree birds built their nests and visited her through the open windows of her room. When she was working in her garden the song-sparrows and white-throats followed her about like chickens. They answered her voice with happy chirps and sweet songs. In winter she tied food to the branches of the cherry tree. Then when the deep snow covered the ground, hungry bluejays, chickadees, and other winter birds came to the feast. Mrs. Thaxter never tired of watching the birds and tells many interesting things about them in her poems and letters.

### WILD GEESE

The wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy, dappled cloud,
Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and sing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is Spring! It is Spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately lay the snow,

O'er the breezy hilltop hoarsely calls the crow, By the flowing river the alder catkins swing, And the sweet song-sparrow cries, "Spring! It is Spring!"

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through the sky!

Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!

Like a peal of broken bells,—kling, klang, kling,—

Far and high the wild geese cry, "Spring! It is Spring!"

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese dear!
Carry all the cold away, far away from here;
Chase the snow into the north, O strong heart and wing,
While we share the robin's rapture, crying, "Spring!
It is Spring!"

-Celia Thaxter

## A NIGHT VISIT

In one of her letters, Mrs. Thaxter tells this story about a night visit from a great many birds. She was living in her island home taking care of her sick mother.

"Last night something so queer happened. I am obliged to keep a German student lamp burning all night, for I must spring with all my wits the instant I am wanted, and there's no time to fuss with lamps. Two or three of the sashes were down in the big bay-window, and between two and three o'clock in the morning it began softly to rain, and all at once the room was filled with birds.

Song sparrows, flycatchers, wrens, nuthatches, yellow birds, thrushes, all kinds of lovely feathered creatures, fluttered in and sat on picture frames and gas fixtures, or whirled, agitated, round in mid-air; while troops of others beat their heads against the glass outside, vainly striving to get in. The light seemed to attract them as it does the moths. I had finally to put it out. We had no peace, there was such a crowd, such cries and chirps and flutterings! I never heard of such a thing, did you?"

### **ROBIN'S RAIN-SONG**

O Robin, pipe no more of rain,
'Tis four days since we saw the sun,
And still the misty window-pane
Is loud with drops that leap and run.

-Celia Thaxter



A MOUNTAIN DAISY

# **NIKOLINA**

Oh, tell me, little children, have you seen her— The tiny maid from Norway, Nikolina? Oh, her eyes are blue as corn flowers 'mid the corn, And her cheeks are rosy red as skies of morn!

Oh, buy the baby's blossoms if you meet her, And stay with gentle words and looks to greet her; She'll gaze at you and smile and clasp your hand, But no word of your speech can understand.

Nikolina! Swift she turns if any call her, As she stands among the poppies hardly taller, Breaking off their flaming scarlet cups for you, With spikes of slender larkspur, brightly blue.

In her little garden many a flower is growing—Red, gold, and purple in the soft wind blowing; But the child that stands amid the blossoms gay Is sweeter, quainter, brighter even than they.

Oh, tell me, little children, have you seen her— This baby girl from Norway, Nikolina? Slowly she's learning English words, to try And thank you if her flowers you come to buy.

—Celia Thaxter

## CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

In the far-off land of Norway,
Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing birds and flowers
The little children wait;

When at last the summer ripens
And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
The toiling people win,—

Through all the land the children
In the golden fields remain
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
A generous sheaf of grain.

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas, The twittering crowds arrive, And the bitter, wintry air at once With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable, On porch and fence and tree, They flutter about the windows And peer in curiously.

And meet the eyes of the children,
Who eagerly look out
With cheeks that bloom like roses red,
And greet them with welcoming shout.

On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest, truly,
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer,
Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember,
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er!

When this pretty story was told me
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year,

I thought that our little children
Would like to know it too,
It seems to me so beautiful,
So blessed a thing to do—

To make God's innocent creatures see In every child a friend, And on our faithful kindness So fearlessly depend.

#### **SPRING**

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing!—
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming, And scarlet columbine, And in the sunny meadows The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover, There peeps the violet blue;



LILACS

Sir John Everett Millais

O happy little children, God made them all for you.

-Celia Thaxter

### BERGETTA'S MISFORTUNES

Old Bergetta lay asleep on the doorstep in the sun. Bergetta was a cat of an inquiring mind. Now an inquiring mind is a very good thing if it is not too largely developed; but Bergetta's was of so lively a nature that she was continually led into difficulties thereby. This morning she was having a beautiful nap in the spring sunshine. Her two little white fore paws were gathered in under her chin, and she had encircled herself with her tail in the most compact and comfortable way. Now and then she lifted her sleepy lids and winked a little, and perhaps she saw, or did not see, the bright blue ocean at the end of the rocky slope before her, and the outline of Appledore Island across the strip of sparkling water, and the white sails here and there, and the white clouds dreaming in the fresh and tender sky of spring.

It was very pleasant. Bergetta at least enjoyed the warmth and quiet. Her three companion cats were all out of her way at that moment. She forgot their existence. She was only conscious of the kindly rays that sank into her soft fur and made her so very sleepy and comfortable.

Presently a sound broke the stillness, very slight and far off, but she heard it, and pricked up her pretty pinklined ears and listened intently. Two men, bearing a large basket between them, came in sight, approaching the house from the beach. The basket seemed heavy; the men held each a handle of it, and very silently went with it round to the back entrance of the house.

Bergetta settled her head once more upon her folded paws, and tried to go to sleep again. But the thought of the basket prevented.

What could be inside that basket?

She got up, stretched herself, and lightly and noiselessly made her way round the house to the back door and went in. The basket stood in the middle of the floor, and the three other cats sat at a respectful distance from it near each other, surveying it doubtfully.

Bergetta wasn't afraid; she went slowly towards it to investigate its contents, but when quite close to it she became aware of a curious noise going on inside of it—a rustling, crunching, dull, clashing sound which was as peculiar as alarming. She stopped and listened; all the other cats listened. Suddenly a queer object thrust itself up over the edge, and a most extraordinary shape began to rise gradually into sight. Two long, dark, slender feelers waved about aimlessly in the air for a moment; two clumsy claws grasped the rim of the basket, and by their help a hideous dark bottle-green-colored body patched with vermillion, bristling with points and knobs, and cased in hard, strong, jointed armor, with eight legs flying in all directions, each fringed at the foot with short yellowish hair, and with the inner edges of the huge

misshapen claws lined with a row of sharp, uneven teeth, opening and shutting with the grasp of a vise,—this ugly body rose into view before the eyes of the astonished cats.

It was a living lobster.

Dear children, those among you who never have seen a living lobster would be quite as astonished as the cats were at its unpleasant aspect. When you see these shell-fish they have been boiled and are bright scarlet all over, and you think them queer and grotesque, perhaps; they do not seem frightful; but a living lobster is best described by the use of the much abused word horrid. It seems a mixture of spider and dragon. Its jet-black shining eyes are set on short stalks and project from its head, and the round opaque balls turn about on their stems and survey the world with a hideous stolidity.

It has a long jointed tail, which it claps together with a loud clash, and with which it contrives to draw itself backward with wonderful rapidity.

Such was the hard and horny monster that raised itself out of the basket and fell with a loud noise all in a heap on the floor before Bergetta. She drew back in alarm, and then sat down at a safe distance to observe this strange creature. The other cats also sat down to watch, farther off than Bergetta, but quite as much interested.

For a long time all was still. The lobster, probably rather shocked by its fall, lay just where it had landed.

Inside the basket a faint stirring and wrestling and clashing was heard from the other lobsters,—that was all. Very soon Bergetta felt herself becoming extremely bored with this state of things. She crept a little nearer the basket.

"I needn't be afraid of that thing," thought she, "it doesn't move any more."

Nearer and nearer she crept, the other cats watching her, but not stirring. At last she reached the lobster that in its wrath and discomfort sat blowing a cloud of rainbow bubbles from its mouth, but making no other movement. Bergetta ventured to put out her paw and touch its hard shell. It took no notice of this, though it saw Bergetta with its queer eyes on stilts, which it wheeled about on all sides to "view the prospect o'er."

She tried another little pat, whereat the lobster waved its long antennae, or feelers, that streamed away over its back in the air, far beyond its tail.

That was charming! Bergetta was delighted. The monster was really playful! She gave him another little pat with her soft paw, and then coquettishly boxed his ears, or the place where his ears ought to be. There was a boding movement of the curious shelly machinery about his mouth, an intricate network all covered with the prismatic bubbles he had blown in his wrath, but he was yet too indifferent to mind anything much.

Bergetta continued to tease him. This was fun! First with the right and then with the left paw she gave

him little cuffs and pushes and pats which moved him no more than a rock. At last he seemed to become suddenly aware that he was being treated with somewhat more familiarity than was agreeable from an entire stranger, and began to move his ponderous front paws uneasily.

Still Bergetta continued to frisk about him, till he thrust out his eight smaller claws with a gesture of displeasure, and opened and shut the clumsy teeth of the larger ones in a way that was quite dreadful to behold. "This is very funny," thought Bergetta. "I wonder what it means!" and she pushed her little white paw directly between the teeth of the larger claw which was opening and shutting slowly. Instantly the two sides snapped together with a tremendous grip, and Bergetta uttered a scream of pain,—her paw was caught as in a vise and cut nearly through with the uneven toothed edge.

Alas, alas! Here was a situation. In vain she tried to get away; the lobster's claw clasped her delicate paw in a grasp altogether too close for comfort. Crying with fear and distress, Bergetta danced about all over the room; and everywhere Bergetta danced the lobster was sure to go, too, clinging for dear life; up and down, over and across, they went in the wildest kind of a jig, while all the other cats made themselves as small as they could in the remotest corners and watched the performance with mingled awe and consternation. Such a noise! Bergetta crying and the lobster clattering, and the two

cutting such capers together! At last some one heard the noise, and coming to the rescue thrust a stick between the clumsy teeth and loosened the grip of the merciless claw; and poor Bergetta, set at liberty, limped off to console herself as best she might.

For days she went limping about, so lame she could hardly creep round the house. When at last she began to feel a little better, she strayed one day into the same room, and seeing what she rightly guessed to be a pan of milk on the table, jumped first into a chair, and then up on the table to investigate. Naughty Bergetta! Yes, the pan was full of milk not yet skimmed. How luscious! She did not wait for anybody's permission, but straightway thrust her pink nose into the smooth, creamy surface. Now it was washing day, and just under the edge of the table, behind Bergetta, on the floor, a tub full of hot suds had been left. She lifted up her head after her first taste of the cream—how nice it was—oh. horror, what did she see! Just opposite her on the table was another lobster with its long feelers bristling; it had been boiled, by the way, but of course Bergetta could not know this tranquilizing fact. Bright scarlet, with its dull dark eyes pointed straight at her, it dawned upon Bergetta's terrified vision.

So eager she had been to look into the milk pan, she had not discovered it before, and now she gave one leap backwards and fell, splash! into the tub of warm suds.

What a commotion! With eyes, ears, nose, and mouth full of soapy foam, she crawled out of it and, more dead than alive, ran to the door and forth into the cold, leaving a long stream of suds on the floor. The wind blew through her soaked fur and chilled the marrow of her bones.

Poor Begetta! All the other cats came round her and stared at her with astonishment; and I'm afraid if cats ever do laugh, they certainly laughed at Bergetta when she told them her morning's experience.

I don't think she ever coquetted with a lobster again or tried to steal milk from the pan, but went mewing about, rubbing her cheek against the kind little cook's foot till she gave her all a cat could wish.

And let us hope she escaped any more such dire disasters during the rest of her life.

-Celia Thaxter

#### THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

-Celia Thaxter

#### LITTLE SUNBEAM

Little yellow Sunbeam
Waking up one day,
Down into the garden
Took her shining way;
Merrily went dancing
Down the morning air,
Shaking out the sparkles
From her golden hair.

Little yellow Sunbeam
Twinkled all about,
Down among the green leaves
Flitting in and out.
Waking up the daisies
From their morning doze,
Ringing up the lily-bells,
Knocking up the rose.

Little yellow Sunbeam,
Climbing up the wall,
On the baby's window
Happened for to fall.
In the little chamber
As she took a peep,
There she saw the Lovely One
Lying fast asleep.

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Little yellow Sunbeam
Tripped into the room,
Sweeping out the darkness
With her golden broom.
All the little shadows,
Glimmering and gray,
Gathered up their dusky skirts,
Softly slid away.

Little yellow Sunbeam,
Flitting to the bed,
Merrily went dancing
Round the baby's head.
Suddenly there flashed out,
To her great surprise,
Other little sunbeams
From the baby's eyes.

Little yellow Sunbeam
Said, "How can this be?
Whence these little sparklers
So unlike to me?
Scarce I think they can be
Sunbeams real and true,
For we all are yellow;
These are lovely blue."



THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD'S HOME

Sir Edwin Landseet

Little yellow Sunbeam
Flew back to the sky.
Running to her father,
She began to cry:
"Father, you must vanish!
Run and hide your head!
There's a brighter sun than you
In the baby's bed."

-Laura E. Richards

### LAURA E. RICHARDS' EARLY HOME

When Mrs. Richards was a little girl her name was Laura Howe, and her home was one of the merriest places in Boston city. There were four rosy-cheeked girls and one jolly boy in the Howe family. Their names were Julia, Florence, Harry, Laura and Baby Maud. All the day long the old house and garden where they lived, rang with happy voices, with singing and games.

Julia was the oldest of these children and to the younger sisters and brother she was the most wonderful girl in the world. Of course she was, for she had been born far across the big Atlantic Ocean in the sunny land of Italy. No one could tell them such strange and beautiful stories as Julia could. Sometimes she told about gypsy queens and brave knights. Sometimes she told them stories which her mother had read to her, but each story seemed a little better than the one before.

Florence or "Flossy," as they called her, told stories, too. But her stories were really one long story about a little fairy named Patty, who, she said, was a great friend of hers. Day after day Flossy took the children to visit Patty in her home under the deep sea. This home was a beautiful palace hollowed out of a large pearl, with peaches and chocolates and strawberries all around it. The children thought this a fine place to live and wished it might be true instead of only a story like "Jack and the Beanstalk."



LAURA E. RICHARDS

Flossy was a bright little girl, but very tiny and dainty. A lady once said to her mother, "What a pity Flossy is so small." "I'm big inside!" cried Flossy, and so she was. She could think up the best games that children ever played.

Harry being the only boy among all these girls, was thought a real Prince Charming. But he was a very

r

roguish prince and made it his special duty to furnish mischief for all the sisters. Never a single opportunity was lost and the result was that Master Harry spent much time in a quiet closet. But even this was turned into a joke, for he filled the pockets of the dresses hanging there with things that never belonged in pockets. Sometimes the Sunday shoes, standing properly in their places were found firmly fastened to the floor. In fact, there was not much that Harry could not use for some kind of fun.

Laura was two years younger than Harry. She thought him the best brother and playmate that any one could have, even though he sometimes played tricks on her. One day when she was quite a little girl he ducked her into the watering trough in the garden and gave her a terrible fright. But she did not like it at all when he was put in bed as a punishment. Laura liked fun and lively play but she liked to read, too, and she even wrote little stories of her own when she was only ten years old.

All of the Howe children were great walkers. Often in the early morning before the sun was fairly over the hills, they were up and away for a long walk before breakfast. As they went through the fields of dancing daisies and shining buttercups, they told each other the stories they liked so well. Then home they went to their beautiful mother, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and to one of the best fathers in the world.

#### THE LAZY ROBIN

The mother robin woke up in the early morning and roused her three children.

"Breakfast time, my dears!" she said; "and a good time for a flying lesson, besides. You did well enough yesterday, but to-day you must do better. You must fly down to the ground, and then I will show you how to get worms for yourselves. You will soon be too old to be fed, and I cannot have you more backward than the other broods."

The young robins were rather frightened, for they had only had two short flying lessons, taking little flapping flutters among the branches. The ground seemed a long, long way off!

However, two of them scrambled on to the edge of the nest, and after balancing themselves for a moment, launched bravely out, and were soon standing beside their mother on the lawn, trembling, but very proud.

The third robin was lazy, and did not want to fly. He thought that if he stayed behind and said he was sick, his mother would bring some worms up to him, as she had always done before. So he sat still in the nest and drooped his head.

"Come along!" cried the mother robin. "Come, Pecky! Why are you sitting there alone?"

"I—don't feel very well," said Pecky. "I don't feel strong enough to fly."

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"Oh!" said his mother, "then you had better not eat any breakfast, and I will send for Doctor Woodpecker."

"Oh, no, please don't!" cried Pecky, and down he fluttered to the lawn.

"That's right!" said the mother robin, approvingly. "I thought there was not much the matter with you. Now bustle about, my dear! See how well your brother and sister are doing! I declare, Toppy has got hold of a worm as long as himself. It will get away from him—no, it won't! There! he has it now! Ah, that was a good mouthful, Toppy. You will be a fine eater!"

Pecky sat still, with his head on one side. He felt quite sure that if he waited and did nothing, his mother would take compassion on him and bring him some worms. There were Toppy and Flappy, working themselves to death in the hot sun. He had always been his mother's favorite (so he thought, but it was not really so), and he was quite sure that she would not let him go hungry.

So he gave a little squeak, as if quite tired out, and put his head still more on one side, and shut his eyes, and sat still. Now his mother did not see him at all, for her back was turned, and she was eating a fine caterpillar, having no idea of waiting on lazy birds who were old enough to feed themselves.

But some one else did see Master Pecky! Richard

Whittington, the great gray cat, had come out to get his breakfast, too, and he saw the lazy robin sitting still in the middle of the lawn with his eyes shut.

Richard could not have caught one of the others, for they all had their wits about them, and their sharp black eyes glanced here and there, and they were ready to take flight at a moment's notice.

But Richard Whittington crept nearer and nearer to the lazy robin. Suddenly—pounce! he went. There was a shrill, horrified squeak, and that was the last of poor Pecky Robin.

The mother robin and her two other children flew up into the tree and grieved bitterly for their lost Pecky, and the mother did not taste a single worm for several hours.

But Richard Whittington enjoyed his breakfast exceedingly; and he was as good-natured as possible all day, and did not scratch the baby once.

-Laura E. Richards

#### THREE LITTLE BIRDS

Three little birds
Sat upon a tree,
The first said, "Chirrup!"
The second said, "Chee!"
The third said nothing,
(The middle one was he,)
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But sat there a-blinking, Because he was a-thinking. "Pee-wit, pee-wit! Yes, that is it! Pee-wip, pee-wop, pee-wee!"

Three little birds
Sat upon a bough.
The first said, "When is dinner-time?"
The second said, "Now!"
The third said nothing,
(The middle one was he,)
But sat there a-blinking,
Because he was a-thinking,
Pee-wit! pee-wit! Yes, that is it!
Pee-wip! pee-wop! pee-wee!"

Two little birds
Flew down to the ground,
And soon, by working very hard,
A fine fat worm they found.
The third flew down between them
(The middle one was he,)
And ate it up like winking,
Because he had been thinking.
"Pee-wit! yee-wit! Yes, that is it!
Pee-wip! pee-wop! pee-wee!"

#### THE PIG BROTHER

There was once a child who was untidy. He left his books on the floor and his muddy shoes on the table; he put his fingers in the jam-pots, and spilled ink on his best pinafore; there was really no end to his untidiness.

One day the Tidy Angel came into his nursery.

"This will never do!" said the Angel. "This is really shocking. You must go out and stay with your brother while I set things to rights here."

"I have no brother!" said the child.

"Yes, you have!" said the Angel. "You may not know him, but he will know you. Go out in the garden and watch for him, and he will soon come."

"I don't know what you mean!" said the child; but he went out into the garden and waited.

Presently a squirrel came along, whisking his tail.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

The squirrel looked him over carefully.

"Well, I should hope not!" he said. "My fur is neat and smooth, my nest is handsomely made, and in perfect order, and my young ones are properly brought up. Why do you insult me by asking such a question?"

He whisked off, and the child waited.

Presently a wren came hopping by.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

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"No, indeed!" said the wren. "What impertinence! You will find no tidier person than I in the whole garden. Not a feather is out of place, and my eggs are the wonder of all for smoothness and beauty. Brother, indeed!" He hopped off, ruffling his feathers, and the child waited.

By and by a large Tommy Cat came along.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"Go and look at yourself in the glass," said the Tommy Cat haughtily, "and you will have your answer. I have been washing myself in the sun all the morning, while it is clear that no water has come near you for a long time. There are no such creatures as you in my family, I am humbly thankful to say."

He walked on, waving his tail, and the child waited. Presently a pig came trotting along.

The child did not wish to ask the pig if he were his brother, but the pig did not wait to be asked.

"Hello, brother!" he grunted.

"I am not your brother!" said the child.

"Oh, yes, you are!" said the pig. "I confess I am not proud of you, but there is no mistaking the members of our family. Come along, and have a good roll in the barnyard! There is some lovely black mud there."

"I don't like to roll in mud!" said the child.

"Tell that to the hens!" said the pig brother. "Look at your hands, and your shoes, and your pinafore! Come

along, I say! You may have some of the pig-wash for supper, if there is more than I want."

"I don't want pig-wash!" said the child; and he began to cry.

Just then the Tidy Angel came out.

"I have set everything to rights," she said, "and so it must stay. Now, will you go with the Pig Brother, or will you come back with me, and be a tidy child?"

"With you, with you!" cried the child; and he clung to the Angel's dress.

The Pig Brother grunted.

"Small loss!" he said. "There will be all the more wash for me!" and he trotted on.

-Laura E. Richards

#### THE SPICE-BOX

The spice-box is a nice box;
I love to peep within.
I love to sniff each fragrant whiff
(Since sniffing is no sin).
I love to play I'm far away
In balmy islands sweet,
'Mid spicy trees that woo the breeze,
With spice-roots 'neath my feet.

—Laura E. Richards

#### THE GREAT FEAST

Once the Play Angel came into a nursery where four little children sat on the floor with sad and troubled faces.

"What is the matter, dears?" asked the Play Angel.

"We wanted to have a grand feast!" said the child whose nursery it was.

"Yes, that would be delightful!" said the Play Angel.

"But there is only one cooky!" said the child whose nursery it was.

"And it is a very small cooky!" said the child who was a cousin, and therefore felt a right to speak.

"Not big enough for myself!" said the child whose nursery it was.

The other two children said nothing, because they were not relations; but they looked at the cooky with large eyes, and their mouths went up in the middle and down at the sides.

"Well," said the Play Angel, "suppose we have the feast just the same! I think we can manage it."

She broke the cooky into four pieces, and gave one piece to the littlest child.

"See!" she said. "This is a roast chicken, a Brown Bantam. It is just as brown and crispy as it can be, and Copyright, Little, Brown & Co.



THE THREE FRIENDS

Elixabeth Gardner

there is cranberry sauce on one side, and on the other a little mountain of mashed potato; it must be a volcano, it smokes so. Do you see?"

"Yes," said the littlest one; and his mouth went down in the middle and up at the corners.

The Play Angel gave a piece to the next child.

"Here," she said, "is a little pie! Outside, as you see, it is brown and crusty, with a wreath of pastry leaves round the edge and 'For You' in the middle; but inside it is all chicken and ham and jelly and hard-boiled eggs. Did you ever see such a pie?"

"Never I' did!" said the child.

"Now here," said the Angel to the third child, "is a round cake. Look at it! the frosting is half an inch thick, with candied rose-leaves and angelica laid on in true-lovers' knots; and inside there are chopped-up almonds, and raisins, and great slices of citron. It is the prettiest cake I ever saw, and the best."

"So it is I did!" said the third child.

Then the Angel gave the last piece to the child whose nursery it was.

"My dear;" she said. "Just look! Here is an ice-cream rabbit. He is snow-white outside, with eyes of red barley sugar; see his ears, and his little snubby tail! but inside, I think you will find him pink. Now, when I

clap my hands and count one, two, three, you must eat the feast all up. One—two—three!"

So the children ate the feast all up.

"There!" said the Angel. "Did ever you see such a grand feast?"

"No, never we did!" said all the four children together.

"And there are some crumbs left over," said the Angel. "Come, and we will give them to the brother birds!"

"But you didn't have any!" said the child whose nursery it was.

"Oh, yes!" said the Angel. "I had it all!"

-Laura E. Richards

## THE UMBRELLA BRIGADE

"Pitter patter!" falls the rain
On the school-room window-pane.
Such a plashing! such a dashing!
Will it e'er be dry again?
Down the gutter rolls a flood,
And the crossing's deep in mud;
And the puddles! oh, the puddles
Are a sight to stir one's blood!

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Chorus. But let it rain
Tree-toads and frogs,
Muskets and pitchforks,
Kittens and dogs!
Dash away! plash away!
Who is afraid?
Here we go,
The Umbrella Brigade!

Pull the boots up to the knee!
Tie the hoods on merrily!
Such a hustling! such a jostling!
Out of breath with fun are we.
Clatter, clatter, down the street,
Greeting every one we meet,
With our laughing and our chaffing,
Which the laughing drops repeat.

Chorus. So let it rain
Tree-toads and frogs,
Muskets and pitchforks,
Kittens and dogs!
Dash away! plash away!
Who is afraid?
Here we go,
The Umbrella Brigade!



PAUL

F. Dworak

## AN EPISODE OF THE FOURTH

Oh, yes, we had a glorious time, of course; we always do. We didn't begin firing until seven o'clock, partly because it wakes people up, and partly because it is so silly to use up all your crackers before breakfast, as some boys do, and have none for the rest of the day, and have every one think you a nuisance besides.

We had a good lot of crackers, and my horn was almost the biggest size there is, though Papa did say it was a pity I didn't get a fog-horn. I am not sure whether he was in earnest, however; he isn't, always. We had no accidents; that is, nothing to speak of. Polly burned Copyright, Dana Estes & Co.

two or three of her fingers a little, but we made that all right with soda and a rag, and she never cried a bit; but there was an episode, and it happened to me. This was the way it happened: I wanted both my hands to use, and I had a piece of punk in one of them, and there was no place to lay it down, and everybody else's hands were full too, so I-well, I just put it into my pocket, for a minute. It was lighted, but I didn't think it would do any harm just for a minute: I forgot that I had a whole bunch of fire-crackers in that same pocket. Suddenly I heard some one cry out, "Tom is afire!" and then there came a puff of smoke in my face, and I felt something hot against my leg, and then—pop! snap! bang! crack! fizz! whizz! cracklety-bang! the crackers began to go off in my pocket. Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me, and the faster I went, the harder they popped. Then, all at once, I saw what to do, and I pulled off my jacket and threw it on the grass: luckily it was my jacket and not my trousers-pocket. Billy took it up and shook out the crackers, and then he turned out the pocket, but there wasn't much left to turn: it was just a black rag, and it dropped into little pieces; then there was a big piece that looked as if it had once been white, and that, they said was my handkerchief, but I should never have known it.

Well, of course they laughed at me a good deal, but

I don't mind much for it really was very funny, I suppose; but my advice to other boys is, don't carry crackers in your pocket, and if you do, don't put a lighted slowmatch in with them!

-Laura E. Richards

#### WALL-PAPERVILLE

This happened when Lucy was ill. She had got over the worst of the illness (measles), and was feeling very comfortable, only queer still in her legs, so that she was quite willing to stay in bed, and have fat prunes and chicken and wine jelly.

One night she stayed awake a good while, hearing the clock tick and the fire crackle, and watching the fitful gleams on walls and ceilings. A good many gleams fell on one particular place in the wall-paper, and Lucy saw things in it that she had never noticed before. The pink roses ran on a vine, and here and there the vines clustered together; and as she looked hard at one of these clusters, there seemed to be a little gate in the middle of it, a green gate, all covered with leaves and moss. Lucy put up her hand and touched the gate and it swung open and there seemed to be a place inside.

"Dear me!" said Lucy, "I wish I could go in there."
All of a sudden she felt herself growing smaller and lighter, "just like Alice in Wonderland," she said, "only I haven't eaten a thing except prunes and toast since

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dinner." And when she tried to climb up the rose vine, she found it quite easy. It made the roses shake all round the room but she clambered up steadily and soon found herself inside the gate.

The place inside was a garden, full of trees and flowers, very strange ones. The trees were of a remarkable bright green and looked like great blots of color; and the flowers, though they were of the gayest possible colors, were queer and ragged, and grew in all kinds of awkward positions and shapes. Also, the leaves and stems did not seem to belong to them, but were just stuck on higgledy piggledy, as if they had got there by accident. The wind blew, and trees and flowers rustled in a most extraordinary way.

"What is the matter with this garden?" said Lucy. She touched a flower, and it felt just like paper. "This is a queer garden," she said. Then she looked about and saw several houses; they were built of playing cards, with the spots outside, and were very gay and pretty, but did not look substantial. Lucy knocked at the door of one house, and it was opened by a paper doll, with a pink dress and a steady smile.

"What is the name of this place?" asked Lucy.

"It is called Wall-Paperville," said the doll. "This is the Public Garden and these houses belong to the aristocracy."

"Who are the aristocracy?" asked Lucy.

"Everybody," said the doll.

Then she asked Lucy to come in, and showed her into a parlor, with neat paper furniture. Lucy asked her about the singular trees and flowers, and the doll told her they were painted by children and that was why they were so queer. Then she asked Lucy if she would like to see some of the other ladies; and presently in came a troop of paper dolls, all gaily dressed, and all with waists smaller than their legs, for that is a point on which they pride themselves. Lucy noticed that some of them kept close to the wall and sidled along gracefully, without coming forward.

"Why do they do that?" she asked.

"Hush!" said the doll. "It is very sad. They were made without proper backs, merely plain cardboard; they are very sensitive about it, so we never notice it, It is strange to think that makers can be so inconsiderate."

Lucy felt uncomfortable, for she had sometimes painted her dolls only in front, to save paint, and she never thought of their minding. Looking up, she saw one of her own dolls standing against the wall, gazing at her with reproachful eyes, though her mouth was smiling hard, for that was its nature. Lucy went up and whispered in her ear, "You shall have a back to-morrow, the very first thing." Then she asked, "Where are your sisters?" and the doll, whose name was Gardenia, said

that Lilibell's dresses were all torn, and that Seraphina was in the hospital with a broken waist.

"She is very delicate, you know," said Gardenia, "and the baby got hold of her yesterday."

"But how did she get here?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, we have our evenings to ourselves!" replied Gardenia, with dignity. "You surely understand that, Miss Lucy."

Lucy did not understand, but she asked meekly if she might visit the hospital; and the doll who had opened the door for her offered to go, since Gardenia was a little tired. So Gardenia stood against the wall and looked very proper, while Lucy and the other doll (who was named Perrette), went into a room full of white paper boxes, in which lay the sick dolls. Some of them had lost arms and legs, and some were suffering from a suffusion of paint in the face; but the most frequent complaint was a crack or break in the waist. They found Seraphina suffering a good deal; but looking very lovely, with one arm stretched out on the tissue-paper coverlet, and the other curved in her own graceful way. She had been nearly broken in two, and now had a piece of strong cardboard gummed against the small (the very small!) of her back.

"Poor darling," said Lucy, affectionately. "Does it hurt very dreadful?"

Yes, Seraphina said it did hurt; but she added, with

a sweet smile, "It is the penalty one must pay for being extraordinarily delicate."

"It is too bad," said Lucy. "The next dolls I make shall have large waists, as large as mine."

But at this both dolls cried out in horror.

"What!" they exclaimed, "would you destroy our delicacy, our chief pride, the sign of our aristocracy?"

"But if you break in two!" said Lucy.

"We can always break gracefully," said Seraphina; "and it is unquestionably the most elegant thing a doll can do."

Just then a doll looked in and told Lucy that her mother was looking for her, and she would better go home; so she ran through the Public Garden, and climbed down the rose vine, and plumped into bed again, and there was Mamma standing by the bed, holding a cup of broth, and not looking the least bit surprised.

"You don't know where I have been," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes, perhaps I do," said Mamma. "Take your broth, dear, and then you can go off again."

Lucy knew what Mamma thought, and she wanted to explain, as soon as she had taken the broth, what had really happened; but just then Mamma seemed to grow very large—and then very dim—and then she was not there at all—and then—it was breakfast-time!

#### **MARCH**

March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind:
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! They are slipping
Into their places at last:
Little white lily-buds dripping
Under the showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses;
Snowdrop and bluebell and pink;
Throng upon throng of sweet posies,

Bending the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle-sound;
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassles, larch!
Up, blades of grass, from your pillow!
Hear who is calling you—March!



Sir Edwin Landseer

BEAUTY'S BATH

## WHEN LUCY LARCOM WAS A LITTLE GIRL

Many years ago a little eleven year old girl came to work in one of the cotton mills of Lowell, Massachusetts. She was next to the youngest in a family of nine children. Her father, who had been a sea-captain, was dead and her mother had moved from the sea-port town of Beverly to the busy mill-town so that her children might find work.

This little eleven year old girl was Lucy Larcom. Her first work in the mill was to change the bobbins on the spinning frames. Day after day, she was at her place with the other children of the factory. But Lucy found her work pleasant and not too hard. The bobbins had to be changed only every forty-five minutes and between these times she was free to talk with the other girls or to sit by the window over-looking the river.

No doubt she told her new friends about the fields and ledges where she had played at Beverly, and about the old roomy barn, with the big swing that hung from the rafters. She remembered all these things very well. She remembered, too, the sandy beaches and the harbor, and the ships that used to come home from far away lands, and the wonderful stories that she had delighted to hear. She liked to share all these happy memories with the other children.

Lucy Larcom had learned to read when a very little girl, but her school days had been all too short. When

only seven years old she had written some little poems and had made pictures to illustrate them with colors from her paint box.

The girls who worked in the mills had good times when work was over. They went to the night schools or studied at home, and they published a little paper telling about what they did. Lucy wrote poems for this paper and some of the poems were very good.

For eleven years Lucy Larcom kept on working in the cotton mills and studying and growing. Then she left the mills, and the rest of her life was spent in teaching, studying and writing. In her story called, "A New England Girlhood," she tells about the happy times she had when a little girl.

#### THE WIND-FLOWER

Wind-Flower, Wind-Flower, why are you here?
This is a boisterous time of the year
For blossoms as fragile and tender as you
To be out on the roadsides, in spring-raiment new!
The snow flakes yet flutter abroad in the air,
And the sleet and the tempest are weary to bear.
Have you not come here, pale darling, too soon?
You would seem more at home with the blossoms of
June.

## THE BROWN THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree,
"He's singing to me! he's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? don't you see?
Hush! look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
 And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
 Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
 And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be!"



MRS. HAVERFIELD

## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

- They call him Jack-in-the-Pulpit, he stands up so stiff and so queer
- On the edge of the swamp, and waits for the flower-folk to come and hear
- The text and the sermon, and all the grave things that he has to say;
- But the blossoms they laugh and they dance, they are wilder than ever to-day;
- And as nobody stops to listen, so never a word has he said;
- But there in his pulpit he stands, and holds his umbrella over his head,
- And we have not a doubt in our minds, Jack, you are wisely listening,
- To the organ-chant of the winds, Jack, and the tunes that the sweet birds sing!

-Lucy Larcom

## SIR ROBIN

Rollicking Robin is here again,
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know
That April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,

And makes the juice of the cherry sweet, For his hungry little robins to eat? "Ha! ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh. "That isn't the best of the story, by half!"

Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
Dressed in orange-tawney and black and brown.
Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
He can always stoop to pick up a worm.
With a twist of his head, and a strut and a hop,
To his Robin-wife, in the peach-tree top,
Chirping her heart out, he calls: "My dear,
You don't earn your living! Come here! Come here!
Ha! ha! Life is lovely and sweet;
But what would it be if we'd nothing to eat?"

Robin, Sir-Robin, gay, red-vested knight,
Now, you have come to us, summer's in sight.
You never dream of the wonders you bring,—
Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
How all the beautiful By-and-by
Around you and after you seems to fly.
Sing on or eat on, as pleases your mind!
Well have you earned every morsel you find.
"Aye! Ha! ha!" whistles Robin. "My dear,
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"

#### CALLING THE VIOLET

Dear little Violet,
Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
From the rock's mossy shade!
All the birds call for you
Out of the sky:
May is here, waiting,
And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so, Violet sweet? Soft is the meadow-grass Under my feet. Wrapped in your hood of green, Violet, why Peep from your earth-door So silent and shy?

Trickle the little brooks Close to your bed, Softest of fleecy clouds Float over head "Ready and waiting!" The slender reeds sigh: "Ready and waiting!" We sing, May and I. Come, pretty Violet,
Winter's away:
Come, for without you
May isn't May.
Down through the sunshine
Wings flutter and fly;—
Quick, little Violet,
Open your eye!

Hear the rain whisper,
"Dear Violet, come!"
How can you stay!
In your underground home?
Up in the pine-boughs
For you the winds sigh:
Homesick to see you,
Are we—May and I.

Ha! though you care not For call or for shout,
Yon troops of sunbeams
Are winning you out.
Now all is beautiful
Under the sky:
May's here—and violets!
Winter, good-by.

#### THE RIVULET

Run, little rivulet, run!
Summer is fairly begun.
Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing of the flowers, every one,—
Of the delicate harebell and violet blue;
Of the red mountain rosebud, all dripping with dew;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!

Carry the perfume you won

From the lily, that woke when the morning was gray,

To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay;

Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Stay not till summer is done!
Carry the city the mountain-birds' glee;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea;
Run, little rivulet, run!



RUSTIC CHILDREN

Thomas Gainsborough

#### THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH—THE BOY

Thomas Gainsborough was the youngest son in a family of nine happy, hearty English children. His home was in the small town of Sudbury, and with four merry girls and five lively boys, it must have been a busy place.

Thomas learned to read and write from his uncle who was head master of the Grammar School in Sudbury. But he made little progress in his other lessons and his teacher often complained of his poor work.

Thomas loved to draw pictures of the trees and brooks near his home. He liked the woods and meadows much better than the school room. Sometimes his father gave him a note to his teacher saying, "Give Tom a holiday." Then away he ran with pencil and paper to spend long happy hours in the fields. At tea-time he would bring home the clever sketches he had made of trees, rocks and waterfalls.

In school, if the master had peeped over Tom's shoulder, he would often have found him drawing little pictures on the blank pages of his books instead of studying. The other boys did Tom's sums or worked his problems in fractions while he made sketches in their books. No doubt he often drew the laughing faces of the boys themselves.

Just back of the Gainsborough home there was a fine, old orchard. Near the fence which separated it from the



ELIZA LINLEY AND HER BROTHER

public road was a large pear tree. One autumn the ripe fruit began to disappear from the tree and though watch was kept, not so much as a squirrel was seen near it.

Very early one morning, Thomas went to a rustic

summer house in the orchard to sketch the tree. While at work he saw a man's face peeping over the fence. After looking all around, the man eagerly climbed over the fence and up into the tree. Tom kept very still until he had sketched the man in the tree. Then he came out of the summer house, but the man quickly ran away.

Tom carried the sketch to his father, who at once knew the man. This first portrait sketch was kept for many years, then a painting was made from it and named "Jack Peartree's Portrait."

When Tom's father looked at the pear tree sketch and thought of the other sketches his son had made, he said that Tom would be a great artist and must have a chance to study painting.

#### A SECRET

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.
But of course the robin knows it best,
Because she built the—I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

Royal Academy, London

## THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH IN LONDON

When Thomas Gainsborough was fifteen years old he was sent to London to study. The great city was a wonderful place for him. There were shop windows full of strange things, there was the quiet river Thames with its many boats and there were the many gardens and palaces of the king. There was always a great crowd of people, too, in the busy streets of the city. But the boy was often lonely and homesick, for nobody noticed the little art student in those days. Nobody ever dreamed that he would some day be a wonderful painter.

After three or four years in London he went home to really begin his work as an artist. For nearly thirty years he studied and worked until he was one of the greatest painters in England. Then he went back to London to live and opened a studio there.

When King George the Third heard that Gainsborough had arrived in town, he sent for him to come to Windsor Castle and the artist was engaged to paint the King's portrait. Then Queen Charlotte, George, Prince of Wales, and the three royal princesses had their portraits painted. All the people of the King's court followed the example of the royal family. The artist's studio was filled with beautiful ladies in rich silks and laces and with fine gentlemen in satin coats, velvet kneebreeches and silver-buckled shoes.

Mrs. Siddons, the greatest English actress of that time, was one of those who came to Mr. Gainsborough's studio for a portrait. He painted the beautiful, earnest woman in her shimmering gown of blue and buff silk, with its soft folds and delicate laces. This picture is called the best portrait of the great actress as well as one of the best paintings of the great artist.



MRS. SIDDONS
National Gallery, London

Thomas Gainsborough

# MR. GAINSBOROUGH AND THE STAGE COACH DRIVER

Mr. Gainsborough lived for a number of years at Bath, and he frequently rode to London by the public stage coach. Now and then he sent pictures by the driver to their owners in London.

The stage coach driver was so pleased to have the great artist ride with him that he never took any pay. "No, no," he said, "I admire painting too much. When you think I have carried to the value of a little painting, I beg, sir, you will let me have one and I shall be more than paid."

Mr. Gainsborough generously gave the driver several paintings in return for his kindness. The portrait of the old Parish Clerk at Bradford-on-Avon was among these gifts. This picture is now worth a large sum of money.

#### THE HUMMING-BIRD

O dainty, "living sunbeam"
With gorgeous colors bright,
Show me your ruby necklace,
And gauzy wings so light;
Just pause one little moment
Before the open door,
And whisper low the secret
You found within that flower.



Thomas Gainsborough
ORPIN, PARISH CLERK OF BRADFORD
National Gallery, London

#### THE BLUE BOY

The portrait called "The Blue Boy" is one of the most beautiful of Mr. Gainsborough's paintings. Master Jonathan Buttall probably thought it great fun at first to pose for his picture and to watch the great painter at work.

Mr. Gainsborough arranged the curtains of the studio so that the light was just right and then Master Jonathan was turned and twisted until he was in the very best position. "Stand just where you are, my boy," said the artist. "That's fine! don't move." Then he went to work and the picture began to grow with the swift, sure strokes of his brush.

No doubt Master Jonathan often thought the time long when he had to stand in the same place day after day, instead of running away to a game of cricket or tennis. He could not know that after two hundred years the boys and girls of other countries would read about him and admire the fine picture.

He is painted standing bare-headed in the open country against a dull, rich background of grass and trees and stormy gray sky. His satin coat and knee-breeches are blue and in one hand he carries his large hat with its white plume.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was a great artist living in London at this time, had said that the light parts of a



THE BLUE BOY

Thomas Gainsborough

picture should always be painted in the warm colors of yellow, red or yellowish-white. The painting of "The Blue Boy" shows that the cold colors of blue, gray and green may also be used to make a very beautiful picture.

#### **GEORGIANA**

Georgiana was only six years old when Mr. Gainsborough painted his first portrait of her.

She was a merry little lady in a white frock trimmed with cherry ribbons. Her lace cap fitted tightly over her auburn hair, which formed a kind of fringe above her forehead. Her eyes and mouth were full of smiles, and we wonder how she kept still long enough to have her portrait painted.

Georgiana grew to be a beautiful lady with a little girl of her own. Mr. Gainsborough made many pictures of her. Sometimes she wore a large hat. Again she was walking in her garden.

After she became the Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Gainsborough painted her in a soft white gown and large black hat. This picture of the Duchess of Devonshire reminds us more than any of the others of the little girl who folded her hands so quaintly and then sat very quietly while Mr. Gainsborough painted her white cap and cherry ribbons.



LADY GEORGIANA SPENCER
Earl Spencer's Collection, Northampton

Thomas Gainsberough

#### IN MY NURSERY

In my nursery as I sit,
To and fro the children flit:
Rosy Alice, eldest born,
Rosalind, like summer morn,
Sturdy Hal, as brown as berry,
Little Julia, shy and merry,
John the King, who rules us all,
And the Baby, sweet and small.

Flitting, flitting to and fro,
Light they come and light they go:
And their presence fair and young
Still I weave into my song.
Here rings out their merry laughter,
Here their speech comes tripping after:
Here their pranks, their sportive ways,
Flash along the lyric maze,
Till I hardly know, in fine,
What is theirs and what is mine:
Can but say, through wind and weather,
They and I have wrought together.

—Laura E. Richards
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THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Thomas Gainsborough

### LOOKING-GLASS HOUSE

One thing was certain, that the white kitten had had nothing to do with it:—it was the black kitten's fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it pretty well, considering); so you see that it couldn't have had any hand in the mischief.

The way Dinah washed her children's faces was this: first she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over, the wrong way, beginning at the nose; and just now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still and trying to purr—no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great armchair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted Alice had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again, and there it was, spread over the hearth-rug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

"Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing!" cried Alice, catching up the kitten and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace. "Really, Dinah

ought to have taught you better manners! You ought, Dinah, you know you ought!" she added, looking reproachfully at the old cat, and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage—and then she scrambled back into the arm-chair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again. But she didn't get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten, and sometimes to herself. Kitty sat very demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help if it might.

"Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?" Alice began. "You'd have guessed if you'd been up in the window with me—only Dinah was making you tidy, so you couldn't. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire—and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty! Only it got so cold, and it snowed so, they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty, we'll go to see the bonfire to-morrow." Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten's neck, just to see how it would look; this led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor, and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

"Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty," Alice went on, as soon as they were comfortably settled again, "when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was

very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself? Now don't interrupt me!" she went on, holding up one finger. "I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one; you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you can't deny it, Kitty: I heard you! What's that you say?" (pretending that the kitten was speaking). "Her paw went into your eye? Well, that's your fault, for keeping your eyes open -if you'd shut them tight up, it wouldn't have happened. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen! Number two: you pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What, you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she wasn't thirsty, too? Now for number three: you unwound every bit of the worsted while I wasn't looking!

"That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I'm saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week. Suppose they had saved up all my punishments!" she went on, talking more to herself than the kitten. "What would they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner: then, when the miserable day came, I should have

to go without fifty dinners at once! Well, I shouldn't mind that much! I'd far rather go without them than eat them.

"Do you hear the snow against the window-panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow loves the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says 'Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.' And when they wake up in the summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green, and dance about—whenever the wind blows—oh, that's very pretty!" cried Alice, dropping the ball of worsted to clap her hands. "And I do so wish it were true! I'm sure the woods look sleepy in the autumn, when the leaves are getting brown.

"Kitty, can you play chess? Now, don't smile, my dear, I'm asking it seriously. Because, when we were playing just now, you watched just as if you understood it: and when I said 'Check!' you purred! Well, it was a nice check, Kitty, and really I might have won, if it hadn't been for that nasty Knight, that came wriggling down among my pieces. Kitty, dear, let's pretend—, let's pretend that you're the Red Queen, Kitty! Do you know, I think if you sat up and folded your arms, you'd look exactly like her. Now do try, there's a dear!" And Alice got the Red Queen off the table, and set it



THE LAST MOVE

Henrietta Ronne

up before the kitten as a model for it to imitate: however, the thing didn't succeed, principally, Alice said, because the kitten wouldn't fold its arms properly. So, to punish it, she held it up to the Looking-glass, that it might see how sulky it was—"and if you're not good directly," she added, "I'll put you through into Looking-glass House. How would you like that?

"Now, if you'll only attend, Kitty, and not talk so much, I'll tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First, there's the room you can see through the glass—that's just the same as our drawing-room, only

the things go the other way. I can see all of it when I get upon a chair—all but the bit just behind the fire-place. Oh! I do so wish I could see that bit! I want so much to know whether they've a fire in the winter: you never can tell, you know, unless our fire smokes, and then smoke comes up in that room too—but that may be only pretence, just to make it look as if they had a fire. Well then, the books are something like our books, only the words go the wrong way; I know that, because I've held up one of our books to the glass, and then they hold up one in the other room.

"How would you like to live in Looking-glass House, Kitty? I wonder if they'd give you milk in there? Perhaps Looking-glass milk isn't good to drink. But oh, Kitty! now we come to the passage. You can just see a little peep of the passage in Looking-glass House, if you leave the door of our drawing-room wide open: and it's very like our passage as far as you can see, only you know it may be quite different on beyond. Oh, Kitty! how nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-glass House! I'm sure its got, oh! such beautiful things in it! Let's pretend there's a way of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty. Let's pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it's turning into a sort of mist now, I declare! It'll be easy enough to get through." She was up on the chimney-piece while she said this, though she

hardly knew how she had got there. And certainly the glass was beginning to melt away, just like a bright silvery mist.

In another moment Alice was through the glass, and had jumped lightly down into the Looking-glass room. The very first thing she did was to look whether there was a fire in the fireplace, and she was quite pleased to find that there was a real one blazing away as brightly as the one she had left behind. "So I shall be as warm here as I was in the old room," thought Alice: "warmer, in fact, because there'll be no one here to scold me away from the fire. Oh, what fun it'll be, when they see me through the glass in here, and can't get at me!"

Then she began looking about, and noticed that what could be seen from the old room was quite common and uninteresting, but that all the rest was as different as possible. For instance, the pictures on the wall next the fire seemed to be all alive, and the very clock on the chimney-piece (you know you can only see the back of it in the Looking-glass) had got the face of a little old man, and grinned at her.

"They don't keep this room so tidy as the other," Alice thought to herself, as she noticed several of the chessmen down in the hearth among the cinders; but in another moment, with a little "Oh!" of surprise, she was down on her hands and knees watching them. The chessmen were walking about, two and two!

"Here are the Red King and the Red Queen," Alice said (in a whisper, for fear of frightening them), "and there are the White King and the White Queen sitting on the edge of the shovel—and here are two castles walking arm in arm—I don't think they can hear me," she went on as she put her head closer down, "and I'm nearly sure they can't see me. I feel as if I were invisible."

Here something began squeaking on the table behind Alice, and made her turn her head just in time to see one of the White Pawns roll over and begin kicking; she watched it to see what would happen next.

"It is the voice of my child!" the White Queen cried out, as she rushed past the King, so violently that she knocked him over among the cinders. "My precious Lily! My imperial kitten!" and she began scrambling wildly up the side of the fender.

"Imperial fiddlestick!" said the King, rubbing his nose, which had been hurt by the fall. He had a right to be a *little* annoyed with the Queen, for he was covered with ashes from head to foot.

Alice was very anxious to be of use, and, as the poor little Lily was nearly screaming herself into a fit, she hastily picked up the Queen and set her on the table by the side of her noisy little daughter.

The Queen gasped, and sat down; the rapid journey through the air had quite taken away her breath, and for a minute she could do nothing but hug the little Lily in silence. As soon as she had recovered her breath a little, she called out to the White King, who was sitting sulkily among the ashes, "Mind the volcano!"

"What volcano?" said the King, looking up anxiously into the fire, as if he thought that was the most likely place to find one.

"Blew—me—up," panted the Queen, who was still a little out of breath. "Mind you come up—the regular way—don't get blown up!"

Alice watched the White King as he slowly struggled up from bar to bar, till as last she said, "Why, you'll be hours and hours getting to the table, at that rate. I'd far better help you, hadn't I?" But the King took no notice of the question: It was quite clear that he could neither hear her nor see her.

So Alice picked him up very gently, and lifted him across more slowly than she had lifted the Queen, that she mightn't take his breath away; but, before she put him on the table, she thought she might as well dust him a little, he was so covered with ashes.

She said afterwards that she had never seen in all her life such a face as the King made, when he found himself held in the air by an invisible hand, and being dusted. He was far too much astonished to cry out, but his eyes and his mouth went on getting larger and larger, and rounder and rounder, till her hand shook so with laughing that she nearly let him drop upon the floor.

"Oh! please don't make such faces, my dear!" she cried out, quite forgetting that the King couldn't hear her. "You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you! And don't keep your mouth so wide open! All the ashes will get into it—there, now I think you're tidy enough!" she added, as she smoothed his hair, and set him upon the table near the Queen.

The King immediately fell flat on his back, and lay perfectly still; and Alice was a little alarmed at what she had done, and went round the room to see if she could find any water to throw over him. However, she could find nothing but a bottle of ink, and when she got back with it she found he had recovered, and he and the queen were talking together in a frightened whisper—so low that Alice could hardly hear what they said.

The King was saying, "I assure you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!"

To which the Queen replied, "You haven't got any whiskers."

"The horror of that moment," the King went on, "I shall never, never forget!"

"You will, though," the Queen said, "if you don't make a memorandum of it."

Alice looked on with great interest as the King took an enormous memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began writing. A sudden thought struck her, and she took hold of the end of the pencil, which came some way over his shoulder, and began writing for him. The poor King looked puzzled and unhappy, and struggled with the pencil for some time without saying anything; but Alice was too strong for him, and at last he panted out, "My dear! I really must get a thinner pencil. I can't manage this one bit; it writes all manner of things that I don't intend."

"What manner of things?" said the Queen, looking over the book (in which Alice had put 'The White King is sliding down the poker. He balances very badly'). "That's not a memorandum of your feelings!"

"Oh!" thought Alice, suddenly jumping up, "if I don't make haste I shall have to go back through the Looking-glass, before I've seen what the rest of the house is like! Let's have a look at the garden first!" She was out of the room in a moment, and ran down stairs—or, at least, it wasn't exactly running, but a new invention for getting down stairs quickly and easily, as Alice said to herself. She just kept the tips of her fingers on the hand-rail, and floated gently down without even touching the stairs with her feet; then she floated on through the hall, and would have gone straight out of the door in the same way, if she hadn't caught hold of the door-post. She was getting a little giddy with so much floating in the air, and was rather glad to find herself walking again in the natural way.

#### LEWIS CARROLL AS A BOY

When Lewis Carroll was a little boy his name was not Lewis Carroll at all, but Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.

Until he was eleven years old Charles lived on a quiet farm, a mile and a half from the little village of Daresbury, in England.

It was so very lonely on the farm that even the passing of a cart caused great excitement among the boys and girls in the Dodgson household. There were eleven of them, eleven brothers and sisters who played and studied together. Their father was rector of the parish church at Daresbury and they had one of the sweetest and gentlest mothers that ever lived.

Charles was an odd little boy. He invented strange plays and games for the amusement of his brothers and sisters. Snails and toads were his intimate friends, and he seemed to live in a charming "Wonderland" which no one else had ever visited.

When Charles was twelve years old his father sent him away to school. At first his schoolmates played tricks on him which he bore bravely. The memory of this made him the friend of every weak and small child, and he was always ready to defend them.

Charles wrote stories for the school magazine and did his work well. When he was fourteen years old he was sent to the famous boys' school at Rugby, where no

doubt he joined with the other boys in the favorite game of football. He got on capitally with his work and nearly always succeeded in winning one or two prizes each term.

During his holidays Charles used to amuse himself by publishing a family magazine, writing stories and drawing comic pictures for it. His favorite name for the magazine was "The Rectory Umbrella."

Charles' last school days were spent at Christ Church College at Oxford, where he later became one of the regular teachers and lecturers in mathematics.

### LEWIS CARROLL AND "ALICE"

When Mr. Dodgson grew to be a man it was his delight to take a little girl by the hand and go for a long walk, telling her stories all the way. He also used to take boat rides up the river and have a picnic lunch with the children on the shady bank. On one of these boat rides taken with his three little friends, Lorina, Alice and Edith Liddell, he began the story of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Alice Liddell in writing about the story says, "The beginning of 'Alice' was told one summer afternoon when the sun was so burning we landed in the meadows down the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here from all three came the old petition of 'Tell us a story,' and so

began the ever-delightful tale. Sometimes to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, 'And that's all till next time.'

"'Ah, but it is next time,' would be the exclamation from all three; and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay."

Later Mr. Dodgson carefully wrote out and illustrated the fairy-story, just to please little Alice Liddell. At first he called the story "Alice's Adventures Underground." Three years afterward he allowed the story to be published so that other children might enjoy it, and then he called it "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

# THE QUEEN'S CROQUET GROUND

A large rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden; the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and, just as she came up to them, she heard one of them say "Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!"

"I couldn't help it," said Five, in a sulky tone. "Seven jogged my elbow."

On which Seven looked up and said, "That's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!"

"You'd better not talk!" said Five. "I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded."

"What for?" said the one who had spoken first.

"That's none of your business, Two!" said Seven.

"Yes it is his business!" said Five. "And I'll tell him—it was for bringing the cook tulip-roots instead of onions."

Seven flung down his brush, and had just begun, "Well, of all the unjust things—" when his eye chanced to fall upon Alice, as she stood watching them, and he checked himself suddenly: the others looked round also, and all of them bowed low.

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"

Five and Seven said nothing, but looked at Two. Two began, in a low voice, "Why, the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought to have been a red rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake; and, if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our best, afore she comes, to—" At this point Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out, "The Queen! The Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked around.

First came ten soldiers carrying clubs; these were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners: next the ten courtiers: these were ornamented all over with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the royal children: there were ten of them, and the little dears came jumping merrily along, hand in hand, in couples: they were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognized the White Rabbit: it was talking in a hurried, nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion; and, last of all this grand procession, came THE KING AND THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Alice was rather doubtful whether she ought not to lie down on her face like the three gardeners, but she could not remember ever having heard of such a rule at processions; "and besides, what would be the use of a procession," thought she, "if people had all to lie down on their faces, so that they couldn't see it?" So she stood where she was, and waited.

When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said, severely, "Who is this?" She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

"Idiot!" said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and, turning to Alice, she went on: "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," said Alice very politely; but she added, to herself, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!"

"And who are these?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who were lying round the rose-tree; for, you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

"How should I know?" said Alice, surprised at her own courage. "It's no business of mine."

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast, began screaming, "Off with her head! Off with—"

"Nonsense!" said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said, "Consider, my dear: she is only a child!"

The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave, "Turn them over!"

The knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

"Get up!" said the Queen in a shrill, loud voice, and

the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and began bowing to the King, the Queen, the royal children, and everybody else.

"Leave off that!" screamed the Queen. "You make me giddy." And then, turning to the rose-tree, she went on, "What have you been doing here?"

"May it please your Majesty," said Two, in a very humble tone, going down on one knee as he spoke, "we were trying—"

"I see!" said the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the roses. "Off with their heads!" and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.

"You shan't be beheaded!" said Alice, and she put them into a large flower-pot that stood near. The three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.

"Are their heads off?" shouted the Queen.

"Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty!" the soldiers shouted in reply.

"That's right!" shouted the Queen. "Can you play croquet?"

The soldiers were silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

"Yes!" shouted Alice.

"Come on, then!" roared the Queen, and Alice

joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

"It's—it's a very fine day!" said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.

"Very," said Alice. "Where's the Duchess?"

"Hush!" said the Rabbit in a low hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised himself upon tiptoe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered, "She's under sentence of execution."

"What for?" said Alice.

"Did you say 'What a pity!" the Rabbit asked.

"No, I didn't," said Alice. "I don't think it's at all a pity. I said, 'What for?'"

"She boxed the Queen's ears—" the Rabbit began. Alice gave a little scream of laughter. "Oh, hush!" the Rabbit whispered in a frightened tone. "The Queen will hear you! You see she came rather late, and the Queen said—"

"Get to your places!" shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions, tumbling up against each other: however, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game began.

Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life: it was all ridges and furrows:

the croquet balls were live hedgehogs, and the mallets live flamingoes, and the soldiers doubled themselves up and stood on their hands and feet, to make the arches.

The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo. She succeeded in getting its body tucked away, comfortably enough, under her arm, with its legs hanging down, but generally, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it would twist itself round and look up in her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing; and, when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very provoking to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away. Besides all this, there was generally a ridge or a furrow in the way wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to, and, as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.

She was looking about for some way of escape, and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air. It puzzled her very much at first, but after watching it a minute or two she made it out to be a grin, and she said to herself, "It's the Cheshire-Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to."

"How are you getting on?" said the Cat, as soon as there was mouth enough for it to speak with.

Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. "It's no use speaking to it," she thought, "till its ears have come, or at least one of them." In another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put down her flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had some one to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

"I don't think they play at all fairly," Alice began, in rather a complaining tone, "and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear oneself speak—and they don't seem to have any rules in particular: at least, if there are, nobody attends to them—and you've no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive: for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground—and I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!"

"How do you like the Queen?" said the Cat in a low voice.

"Not at all," said Alice: "she's so extremely—" Just then she noticed the Queen was close behind her, listening: so she went on "—likely to win, that it's hardly worth while finishing the game."

The Queen smiled and passed on.

"Whom are you talking to?" said the King, coming up to Alice, and looking at the Cat's head with curiosity.

"It's a friend of mine—a Cheshire-Cat," said Alice: "allow me to introduce it."

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the King: "however, it may kiss my hand, if it likes."

"I'd rather not," the Cat remarked.

"Don't be impertinent," said the King, "and don't look at me like that!" He got behind Alice as he spoke.

"A cat may look at a king," said Alice. "I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where."

"Well, it must be removed," said the King very decidedly; and he called to the Queen, who was passing at the moment. "My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!"

The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. "Off with his head!" she said without even looking round.

"I'll fetch the executioner myself," said the King eagerly, and he hurried off.

The Cat's head began fading away the moment he was gone, and, by the time he had come back with the executioner, it had entirely disappeared: so the King and the executioner ran wildly up and down, looking for it, while the rest of the party went back to the game.



THE WATERING PLACE

Thomas Gainsborough

### **AUTUMN**

Gayly chattering to the clattering
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
Leap the squirrels, red and gray;
Drop the apples, red and yellow,
Drop the russet pears and mellow,
Drop the red leaves all the day.

### JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

His Childhood.

Many years ago a Quaker family by the name of Whittier lived in a lonely farmhouse near the little village of Haverhill in Massachusetts. All around for many miles were grassy fields and cool, deep woodlands, and far away the blue peaks of mountains could be seen against the sky.

In the Whittier home one December day a little boy was born. He was named John Greenleaf, but his parents called him Greenleaf. He grew to be a merry little fellow with black eyes and curly hair and he loved to run and play with his brother and his two sisters.

Little Greenleaf had few playthings but he did not need even these. He enjoyed everything around him as he ran barefooted through woods and meadows and waded and fished in the clear water of the little brook near his home. He knew where to find the oriole's nest, the woodchuck's home, the first white pond lilies and the best wood-grapes and nuts. He often listened to the sounds about him and thought that the wind, the brook, and the birds talked to him of the things he loved. At times he played that he was a king with the doorstep for his throne. The beautiful sunset clouds were its splendid curtains and when darkness fell, the fireflies came with their glowing wings to light his palace. All the

world was his kingdom so what cared he for playthings?

The Whittier children all had their share of work as well as play, and pleasant work much of it was. They gathered wild berries on the hillsides for their mother, drove home the cows or tended the sheep and often helped their father make hay or gather the winter stores of vegetables and apples.

When the winter snows lay deep over the earth and the songs of brook and birds were stilled the children had good times in the house. It was always warm and cozy by the great kitchen fireplace and here they cracked nuts and told stories and riddles. In the evening the whole family often gathered about the glowing fire. Then, while the busy mother sat at her spinning wheel, the children listened eagerly to the wonderful stories told by their elders. When John Greenleaf Whittier grew to be a man he wrote a beautiful poem called "Snow-Bound" in which he tells of these good times.

#### THE FROST SPIRIT

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields
and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees
where their pleasant green came forth
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,

have shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! from the frozen Labrador.—

From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er,—

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below

In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! and the quiet lake shall feel

The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;

And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,

Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! Let us meet him as we may,

And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away;

And gather closer the circle round, when the fire-light dances high,

And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

-John Greenleaf Whittier

# IN SCHOOL DAYS

When Greenleaf was seven years old, he was sent to school. The schoolhouse was a small, low building, with sumach and blackberry vines growing around it.

In those days all the boys and girls, large and small, sat in one room. The little ones sat on low benches in front of the schoolmaster. These boys and girls had no writing books and well-sharpened pencils. They wrote on pieces of paper and for pencils used bits of lead sharpened to a point. When they recited their lessons, they stood in a line in the front of the room. They kept the line very straight, their toes being on the same crack in the floor.

One cold winter day the spelling class was called out. This was Greenleaf's class, and when it came his turn to spell, he missed the word. By his side stood a little girl in a blue-checked apron. She had brown eyes and golden hair, which looked very beautiful in the sunlight. Greenleaf played with her every day and they were good friends. She spelled the word correctly and went above Greenleaf, though she wanted to keep her place, because she knew it made him feel badly.

That afternoon when the boys and girls had all gone home, the little girl waited till Greenleaf came out, and shyly looking into his face with her brown eyes, she said to him:—

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Greenleaf never forgot this little girl, and when he became a man and saw more of the world,

"He lived to learn, in life's hard school, How few who pass above him Lament their triumph and his loss, Like her,—because they love him."

### THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!

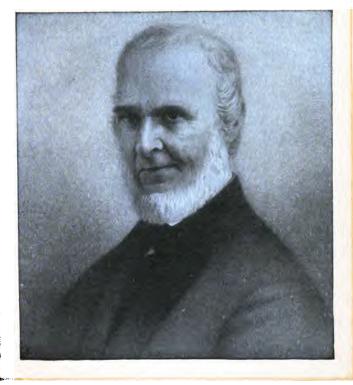
# MR. WHITTIER AT AMESBURY

John Greenleaf Whittier became one of our great poets. For many years he lived at the old home near Haverhill. When, at last, the farm was sold, he went to live at Amesbury, a few miles away. The children at Amesbury soon learned to know and love his kind face and gentle voice. They came often to see him and he played with them as if he, too, were a boy. He enjoyed their bright, happy faces, and their quaint sayings amused him.

Mr. Whittier had many pets and he would often show them to the girls and boys who came to see him. There was a parrot, named Charlie. Charlie talked to the children as they passed by on their way to school. When he heard the bell ring, Charlie would call, "Run in, boys, run in." He would say "Whoa" when a horse went by the house, and very often the obedient animal would stop, much to the surprise of the driver.

Then there was a large yellow cat and two faithful dogs, Robin Adair and Jackanapes. Robin Adair was a shepherd dog and Jackanapes was a lively little fellow always ready for a frolic with Mr. Whittier.

A little gray squirrel named Friday, shared the poet's study. He was quite tame and ran about the house. Mr. Whittier carried nuts in his pocket for the little squirrel.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Friday always hunted until he found the nuts and then climbed up on Mr. Whittier's shoulder to crack and eat them.

The last years of the poet's life were spent with his cousins at Oak Knoll in Danvers. He loved the home at Oak Knoll with its green lawn and shady trees. The orchard and garden of beautiful flowers were as dear to him as when, a barefoot boy he had played that the whole world was his.

### THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!

Heap high the golden corn!

No richer gift has Autumn poured

From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers, Our ploughs their furrows made, While on the hills the sun and showers Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain, Beneath the sun of May, And frightened from our sprouting grain The robber crows away.

And through the long, bright days of June Its leaves grew green and fair, And waved in hot midsummer's noon Its soft and yellow hair. And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

-John Greenleaf Whittier

#### THE FISHERMEN

Hurrah! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
And the lighthouse from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads, behind us,
For the homes we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

-John Greenleaf Whittier

#### THE LITTLE BLIND FRIEND

Among Mr. Whittier's young friends there was a little girl who was blind and deaf. Her name was Helen Keller. Though deaf she had learned to speak a little.

One beautiful summer day little Miss Helen visited Mr. Whittier at Oak Knoll. Mr. Whittier had a book of his poems in raised print and Helen read the poem "In School Days" aloud to him. He was delighted that she could pronounce the words so well. She asked him many questions about the poem and read his answers by placing her fingers on his lips.

When Mr. Whittier was eighty-three years old, the little blind girl wrote him this birthday letter.

South Boston, Dec. 17, 1890.

# DEAR KIND POET,—

This is your birthday; that was the first thought which came into my mind when I awoke this morning; and it made me glad to think I could write you a letter and tell you how much your little friends love their sweet poet and his birthday.

At first I was very sorry when I found that the sun had hidden his shining face behind dull clouds, but afterwards I thought why he did it, and then I was happy. The sun knows that you like to see the world covered with beautiful white snow and so he kept back all his

brightness and let the little crystals form in the sky. When they are ready they will softly fall and tenderly cover every object.

If I were with you to-day I would give you eightythree kisses, one for each year you have lived. Eightythree years seems very long to me. Does it seem long to you?

I received the letter which you wrote me last summer, and I thank you for it. I am staying in Boston now, at the Institution for the Blind, but I have not commenced my studies yet because my dearest friend, Mr. Anagnos, wants me to rest and play a great deal.

Teacher is well and sends her kind remembrance to you. The happy Christmas time is almost here! I can hardly wait for the fun to begin! I hope your Christmas Day will be a very happy one and that the New Year will be full of brightness and joy for you and every one.

From your little friend,

HELEN A. KELLER

Mr. Whittier was very pleased with the letter from his little blind friend, and this is the answer he sent back to her.

My Dear Young Friend,— ^)

I was very glad to have such a pleasant letter on my birthday. I had two or three hundred others and thine was one of the most welcome of all. I must tell thee about how the day passed at Oak Knoll. Of course the sun did not shine, but we had great open wood fires in the rooms which were all very sweet with roses and other flowers which were sent to me from distant friends, and fruits of all kinds from California and other places. Some relatives and dear old friends were with me during the day.

I do not wonder thee thinks eighty-three years a long time, but to me it seems but a very little while since I was a boy no older than thee, playing on the old farm at Haverhill.

I thank thee for all thy good wishes, and wish thee as many. I am glad thee is at the Institution; it is an excellent place. Give my best regards to Miss Sullivan, and with a great deal of love, I am,

Thy old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER

#### THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will be all light."

-John Greenleaf Whittier



Sir Joshua Reynolds
MRS. PAYNE GALWAY AND HER CHILD PICK-A-BACK

# ABOUT THE BOOK

T HAS come to be the accepted thing for School Readers to be based on the lives of great writers and selections from their works, accompanied by portraits of authors and pictures of their homes. The emphasis is being rightly placed on "literature." This much is a distinct gain. Literature and art, however, have been so intimately related through so many centuries and by so many peoples, that it is surprising that they have not been more closely related in education. To teach a child to interpret and appreciate good art is quite as desirable as to teach him to read and enjoy good literature.

"The Art Literature Readers" represent an attempt to relate art and literature in a series of graded Readers for school use. The basis of the series is a collection of the choicest literature, the gathering of which has occupied several years of painstaking search. The effort has been to discover in the works of the best writers selections that are literary units, and which possess distinct dramatic and inspirational qualities. Selections that have not been used in innumerable Readers have been given the preference. These selections are accompanied by anecdotal biographical sketches and portraits of the leading authors. It is hoped that as literary readers they will be found to possess freshness and the power to hold the children's interest.

The distinguishing feature of the series, however, is the introduction of portraits and biographical sketches of artists with reproductions of their most

famous works.

Book Three introduces the children to two of England's greatest painters,—Sir Edwin Landseer and Thomas Gainsborough, and to eight of the world's best writers,—Eugene Field, Louisa May Alcott, Hans Christian Andersen, Celia Thaxter, Laura E. Richards, Lucy Larcom, Lewis Carroll, and John Greenleaf Whittier.

The selections from these authors and artists have been grouped into separate sections in order to emphasize personalities, and to give the children the opportunity of studying connectedly the life story and works of the different men and women. The biographical sketches in the body of the book are intended first of all to be inspirational. They consist chiefly of anecdotes which give interesting glimpses into the childhood and home life of these famous people. Further necessary information is found in the Notes at the back of the book, which may be given to the children at the discretion of the teacher. The bibliography appended is also for the convenience of the teacher who may wish to come more closely into touch with the different authors and artists, or to prepare herself for a more critical study of pictures.

The selections from John G. Whittier, Hans Christian Andersen, Helen Keller, Celia Thaxter and Lucy Larcom are used with permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers

of their works.

# NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

### THOUGHTFUL AND FLUENT READING

THE chief purpose in reading is to get thought. Ability to do this depends upon knowledge of printed symbols. The teaching of reading should include, therefore, training in these two phases of the work. If the teacher has a genuine interest in the subject of the lesson she may arouse the pupil's desire to read by her presentation of it.

If there are difficulties, in the form of proper names or new or unusual expressions, they must be mastered before the real reading begins. Some of the devices for teaching new words are as follows: introducing them in the discussion that precedes the reading; asking pupils to quickly glance over the selection and find words that they do not understand or cannot pronounce and having them placed upon the blackboard as taught; questions asked by the teacher that may be answered by using the word or expression as found in the lesson. A knowledge of phonics is of great value in assisting pupils to master unfamiliar words readily.

When the pupils are ready to read, they may be led, by questions and comments, to look for and enjoy the thought of the lesson throughout all of the reading period. When oral reading is desired, the proper voice inflections and emphasis will come naturally from the intelligent grasp of the thought.

### ABILITY TO RETELL A STORY

The power of definite and connected oral and written expression is of great educational value and should be emphasized in all lines of the school work. Silent reading at the seat followed by an oral or written retelling of the story is an excellent exercise. Anecdotes of the different authors and artists given in this book will furnish interesting material for such work, and at the same time will give to the child a healthy stimulant from strong and noble personalities.

Charles Eliot Norton says that the child's first reading should consist mainly "in what may cultivate his ear for the music of verse, and may rouse his fancy. Poetry is one of the most efficient means of education of the moral sentiment, as well as of the intelligence. It is the source of the best culture. A man may know all science and yet remain uneducated. But let him truly possess himself of the work of any one of the great poets, and no matter what else he may fail to know, he is not without education." This, then, is the reason for the large amount of carefully selected and well-graded poetry in the Art-Literature Readers. It should be read aloud so that pupils may hear and enjoy the rhythm and music of the lines.

### QUICKENED MEMORY

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the value of committing to memory a few lines of prose or poetry each day. Regularity in this work strengthens the memory as no spasmodic memorizing can do. It is an advantage, too, for the pupils to memorize selections from the writings of the authors with whom they are becoming acquainted in their daily reading. Excellent material for memory work for the third grade will be found in this book under the sections devoted to Eugene Field, John G. Whittier, Lucy Larcom, Laura E. Richards, Celia Thaxter and Louisa May Alcott. "To learn by heart the best poems is one of the best parts of the school education of the child."

### APPRECIATION OF PICTURES

The attempt has been in the previous books of this series to lead the child to observe the form and subject of a picture. He has been encouraged to imitate the artist's grouping of different objects. He has also been taught how to group objects into pictures of his own imagining, dramatically telling his story without words and at the same time unconsciously learning the rudiments of pictorial composition. He has begun to observe the lights and shades in a picture, the uses of straight and curved lines and some of the minor details. But first of all he has been encouraged to seek for the story which the artist has told, and to tell the story as it comes to him, in his own words, before reading the text in the book. The child should not be burdened too early with many technicalities, but taught what will help him to discover for himself the true value of a picture and to tell what he sees in it, also to create and discover pictures for himself.

The following outline for picture study may be suggestive to the teacher. Take for example "The Twa Dogs" by Landseer, found on page 67. After the story of the picture has been read, as adapted from the poem by Robert Burns, the child will be interested to discover how the artist made the picture so beautiful and natural. Lead him in the study after this fashion.—What do you see first in the picture?—Look long at the picture and then tell the positions of the dogs.—Is there sunlight in the picture?—What causes the shadows?—Describe the place where the dogs are and also the distant landscape.— Why do the dogs seem so near and the trees and hills so much farther away?— Explain to the child how an artist secures this distant effect or perspective, and how essential it is in the composition of a true picture.—Ask him if the artist has used as many straight as curved lines and why not.—Notice, too, that the lines of the Newfoundland dog represent repose, while the lines of the collie show strength and action.—Are there many figures or few in the picture and why?—Lead the child to feel that a well-composed picture is never overcrowded. One or two figures in a natural attitude against a simple background make a much more beautiful picture than many figures and objects crowded together.—Why did the artist group the two dogs near the center of the canvas?—Would the picture have looked well-balanced if they had been close to one side with no weight on the other side? Imagine a line from the lower lefthand corner to the upper right hand corner of the picture and notice how evenly balanced the two halves are, the trees in the upper corner balancing the heavy shadows in the lower corner. Imagine lines drawn horizontally and vertically through the center of the picture and notice that the balance is still correct, though the first line makes the most natural axis, for it follows the bodies and heads of the two dogs and the line of the high hill in the distance.

If the teacher attempts to reveal to the class these technicalities in picture composition she will find invaluable the chapter on "Balance" in Henry R. Poore's book on "Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures." Picture study of this nature is of great value to the child in leading him to observe closely, to think connectedly, to look for reasons and results and to distinguish between the beautiful and the ugly. It will give to him a true art sense and art knowledge which will be a source of joy and value as long as he lives.

The time given to this picture study should be at a different period from that of the reading lesson, though a careful study of the lesson picture will add greatly to the interest in the story which it helps to illustrate. Neither picture nor story should stand alone.

#### EUGENE FIELD

N THE third day of September, 1850, in St. Louis, Missouri, Eugene Field, the "Poet of Child-life" was born. Eugene and his younger brother, Roswell, lived in St. Louis until their mother's death, which came when Eugene was about six years old. Then the little fellows were taken to Amherst, Mass., and left in the care of their cousin, Mary French. No place could have been better for these growing boys than the meadows and hills of old-fashioned New England.

Cousin Mary French watched over them with a love as tender as a mother's. With a firm and steady hand she led them through the early school days and through the troublesome years of mischievous boyhood, sparing nothing of herself for the little lads. So Eugene passed into manhood, under her loving care. Years later when he published his "Little Book of Western Verse," he dedicated it to Cousin Mary with these lines.

A dying mother gave to you

Her child a many years ago;

How in your gracious love he grew,

You know, dear, patient heart, you know.

The mother's child you fostered then Salutes you now and bids you take These little children of his pen And love them for the author's sake.

Tardy the offering is and weak;—
Yet were I happy if I knew
These children had the power to speak
My love and gratitude to you.

At the age of fifteen Eugene left his Amherst home to prepare for college. After the college days and a ramble through Europe were over, Mr. Field settled down to a more serious life. For ten years he was connected with various newspapers in Missouri and Colorado. In 1883 he accepted a position on the "Chicago Daily News" where he remained until his death.

Mr. Field was a hard worker. Besides his daily contributions to several papers, he found time to put together "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," "Love-Songs of Childhood," "With Trumpet and Drum" and several other collections of verses. In addition he frequently lectured and gave readings from his own poems, which were always much enjoyed because of his quaint and interesting personality.

He died on November 4, 1895, and he will always be remembered as the

"Poet of Child-life."

### LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

OUISA MAY ALCOTT was born at Germantown, Penn., Nov. 29, 1832. Her father moved to Boston when she was two years old and after six years went to Concord, so that her girlhood was passed beneath the shady elms of Concord, Massachusetts. These days, she afterward said, were among the happiest of her life. They were shared with the little Hawthorn children, the Emersons and the Channings. Louisa was very popular with the children of the neighborhood. She was bright and loving, easily provoked but quick to forgive. Under the care of both mother and father she grew into a beautiful woman, whose first thought always was to bring gladness to others.

As the years went by the family cares increased. There was very little money in the household and each of the girls bore bravely her share of the burden. Louisa, when only fifteen years old, opened a school in the old barn and taught a few children of the neighborhood. All the while she was writing stories for different papers to earn a little money for the family support. However, it was not until she was twenty-two years old that Miss Alcott's first book called "Flower Fables" came out. It was a collection of stories

told to Mr. Emerson's little girls in Concord. The book brought very little money, but it encouraged the young author to write the stories which we read to-day in "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag" and "Lulu's Library."

After a few years Miss Alcott went to Boston, and in a little garret. with her books and papers around her, she wrote and planned many of her "While I have health, a head, and two hands, she said, "I will work." Often she wrote when her head was dizzy and her hand ached from holding a pen so long, but when her stories were printed and paid for, she went to work with new courage.

After years of hard work, Miss Alcott became famous. Her books sold well and children all over the country were reading her stories. Then there was plenty of money in the family. The father could have new books, the mother a pleasant, sunny room, and the sister could go abroad for study. Her book called "Little Women" brought much of this money. Children all over the broad land read it. It was the story of her own girlhood written in a simple, natural wav.

The sister who was abroad died before her return to America and she sent home her little daughter, Louisa May Neriker, for the aunt to care for, Little Lulu, as she was called, was a great comfort to her aunt who told her beautiful stories every night before bedtime. Some of these stories were published for other children to read and enjoy. They fill three books called "Lulu's Library." The story of "Queen Aster" which is put into this book is taken from "Lulu's Library."

Miss Alcott's last years were happy ones, but her strength failed and she was no longer able to write for her girls and boys. She died March 6, 1888, and was buried where her happiest days had been spent, in Concord, Massachusetts.

# SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

DWIN LANDSEER was born in London on March 7, 1802. In those old-time days the broad fields and sunny pastures came close to the city's edge. These fields and pastures were Edwin's school room, his play ground and his studio. As he grew older he went to school but little. Day after day he spent in the fields around London studying the sheep and the cows there. Often he was seen on the city streets, a fair curly-haired boy, making a sketch of some dog that pleased his fancy, or in the Tower of London studying the lions, tigers and bears which were kept there.

Success and recognition came to Edwin Landseer while he was a mere lad. At the age of thirteen he exhibited a drawing at the Royal Academy, which received "Honorable Mention." From that time on he rarely missed a yearly

exhibition, and his name was known all over England.

In his father's home Edwin had only a small, inconvenient studio, so when his pictures brought a great deal of money, he moved to a comfortable, cosy house just outside of London. There he lived for fifty years, painting busily day after day, and entertaining his friends with a cup-o'-tea or a dinner party. His studio was the delight of all his friends. Many distinguished gentlemen from the social circles of London gathered there. The genial artist, with his kind, manly face, his brilliant conversation and his pleasant way of telling a story was a general favorite with old and young. "It has been said that he was wholly without envy or jealousy of others, and that his estimation of his own powers was absurdly low. 'If people only knew as much about painting as I do,' he said on one occasion, 'they would never buy my pictures.'"

His last days were saddened by a long illness. When he was well enough he would walk around the gardens of his home leaning on the arm of his sister, but much of his time was spent in his studio where he painted as long as he could hold a brush. He died the first day of October, 1873. His burial was celebrated with honors fitting England's greatest animal painter.

### HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

ANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN was born April 2, 1805, in Odense, Denmark. His parents were poor and his childhood was lonely, most of his companions being much older than he was. Until he was about eighteen years of age he spent little time in school, and though his appearance was much against him, he was always trying to interest people in his plans and ambitions.

After his journey to Copenhagen, he suffered many keen disappointments and severe hardships until a friend interested the king in his behalf. He was sent to school at Slagelse and later at Helsingör and at the close of his school

life was furnished money for travel.

His writings began to be noticed while he was still a student and as he traveled and saw more of people he did better and better work. He published his first volume of Fairy Tales in 1835 and from that time on he became more and more successful. He wrote poems and plays but it is for his stories that he is best known. His writings have been translated into many languages and he was honored in many lands.

## CELIA THAXTER

ITTLE CELIA LAIGHTON was born in the seaport town of Portsmouth in New Hampshire in 1831. Her childhood and early girl-hood were passed on the Isles of Shoals, a few miles off the New Hampshire coast. To many this would have been a lonely life, but to Celia it was full of gladness and beauty. She loved the sea as it splashed

upon the rocky shore of her island home. The summer flowers, the birds and the far-away sky brought her pleasures which few know how to enjoy. She was married to Mr. Thaxter in 1851 and left the island home, but in later years she spent her summers there.

Mrs. Thaxter has written a book about her life on these islands in which she tells about her flower gardens, her birds and pets, and her cosy home.

In 1894 Mrs. Thaxter died, but her books of verse and the memory of her beautiful life are still fresh and lasting.

#### LAURA E. RICHARDS

HEN Laura Howe grew to be a woman she became Mrs. Richards. She now lives in a home of her own in Gardiner, Maine. Into her home have come six happy girls and boys who have clambered into their mother's lap and teased for stories. With "Rosy Alice," "Rosalind," "Sturdy Hall," "Little Julia," "John the King" and "Baby Sweet" around her, Mrs. Richards has told many beautiful stories. She has made up charming verses for them, too, which they love to hear just before they are tucked away in their little white beds.

Mrs. Richards remembers the things she liked when she was a little girl and has put birds, flowers, sunbeams, raindrops and real boys and girls into her verses and stories. Many of these have been sent to the "St. Nicholas Magazine" for children everywhere to read and enjoy. Others have been made into books, two of which are called, "Five Minute Stories" and "In My Nursery."

### LUCY LARCOM

Larcom, was born in Beverly, a seaside town on the Massachusetts coast, March 5, 1824. Lucy, with her brothers and sisters, lived a glad sort of life by the sea, enjoying their days as "the buds and birds enjoy theirs." After the death of their father, who was a sea captain, Mrs. Larcom made a home for her children in Lowell. Lucy attended the public school for a time, but she soon had to go into the cotton mill to help earn money for the family support. By the time she was ten years old, she showed remarkable ability in writing verse. As she grew older many of her poems and essays were published in "The Atlantic Monthly," when James Russell Lowell was its editor. Mr. Whittier was also among her loyal friends. "Hannah at the Window Binding Shoes" is one of her most beautiful poems. In 1846 Lucy Larcom went to Illinois to teach school. After a little she entered Monticello Seminary and graduated in 1852. She returned to Massachusetts and taught until 1862 when she gave up teaching to do literary work.

Miss Larcom was a true friend of the working women. She had been one of their number; she had shared with them the work of the noisy mill, and the aim of her life was to better their condition. She died in 1893 at the age of sixty-seven.

### THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

HOMAS GAINSBOROUGH was born in the springtime of 1727 in Sudbury, England, in the beautiful region of Suffolk County. His father thought that he would make an artist and determined to give him every advantage within his means, so at the age of fifteen Master Gainsborough took the stage coach for London to learn to use paints and brushes and to mix colors in the right way. For three years he worked in the studios of the great city. Then his longing for home brought him back to the fields, trees and gardens that he knew from a boy.

Mr. Gainsborough soon married and made a home at Ipswich, another English town of real beauty. At Ipswich he found new scenes to paint, and day after day the young artist painted in the open air some scene that pleased

his fancy.

These were glorious years for Mr. Gainsborough. But the people of Ipswich cared very little for painting. They were more interested in real hay-fields than in pictures of them. His friends suggested that he move away to some place where his art would be appreciated. The town of Bath was not far away and the wealthiest people of England spent their winters at this famous town. So, with his wife and little daughter, Mr. Gainsborough hurried to Bath in high spirits. He met people there who had a great deal of money and his studio was soon filled with the gayest life of England. Mr. Gainsborough had never tried to paint such delicate faces or such beautiful gowns. He never imagined that such rich colors lay among the paints of his palette. Little by little the secret came to him and each new picture seemed better than the last. Some of his best pictures were painted while he lived at Bath.

At last he looked toward London for larger opportunities for his art. In 1774 he moved to the great city, where he lived the remainder of his life. For fifty years Mr. Gainsborough painted pictures. From the early days when he drew "Jack Peartree's Portrait" he gave his life to the work that he loved. He died at the age of sixty-one, leaving a long line of landscapes and portraits to enrich the art of his country.

### JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born in East Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. The valley of the Merrimac in which he lived was a secluded spot in those early days. Not even a neighbor's friendly roof was in sight of the old home. Mr. Whittier's boyhood was not unlike that of every New England farmer boy one hundred years ago. From early spring, when he ploughed the earth for the corn planting, till late autumn, when he stacked the corn in sheaves, his life was a busy round of

honest labor, brightened only by the joys and riches that come to the "Barefoot Boy." In the winter he shared generously in the work of the farm, living the simple, uneventful life of which he writes in his poem, "Snow-bound."

The constant need of daily work, the meager income and the family traditions made education an almost impossible thing in the Quaker household. However, Greenleaf attended the district school for a few weeks each winter, and learned whatever he could from his father's small library and from books loaned to him by his teachers.

While he was still a young lad, he wrote several poems, one of which his sister ventured to send to their weekly paper. He had little hope that it would be printed, but one day while he was mending a fence by the roadside, the mail carrier drove up to the farm and tossed the boy a paper. With trembling hands Greenleaf opened it and saw in the "Poets' Corner" his first printed poem. This was perhaps the happiest moment the boy had ever known. He went back to his work with a ready hand and light heart. Within a week the editor of the paper, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, drove to East Haverhill to see the young poet who never signed a name to his verses. He was pleased with Greenleaf's manly face and strong character. He urged him to study at some academy, but there was very little money in the Whittier family and at first this seemed impossible.

The next winter Greenleaf learned to make ladies' and children's shoes and by teaching school he was able to attend the Haverhill Academy for a year. Later he went to Boston to become editor of a paper. Mr. Garrison was there and they became good friends. They both wrote for the same paper concerning the great political questions of our country. The poems on these subjects, written by Mr. Whittier, have been collected in a book called "Voices of Freedom." Besides these, many others were written which perpetuate the beauty of the New Hampshire lakes and mountains and keep fresh the rural New England life of a century ago.

Mr. Whittier died September 7, 1892, after a long and useful life of eighty-five years.

# LEWIS CARROLL (CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON)

THE little boy named Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was born in the English village of Daresbury near Liverpool, on January 27, 1832. In school he took many honors and prizes in mathematics, and when he became a man he wrote a number of interesting books on the subject. But he is best remembered by his delightful stories for children to which he always signed the name of Lewis Carroll.

Now the name Lewis Carroll is only another form of Charles Lutwidge turned around. Write the name in Latin and it is Carolus Ludoviscus.

Change it back into English and it becomes Carroll Lewis. He always kept this name for the children of whom he was very fond. Whenever he traveled he made friends with the little girls whom he met and he entertained them with

puzzles and games and stories.

Lewis Carroll often invited his little friends to visit him in his home at Eastbourne by the sea, or in his beautiful rooms at Christ Church. He had a wonderful collection of curious things with which to amuse them. There were a large number of music boxes. Some of these were already wound up, but the children had to turn cranks on the others to make the music come. Sometimes he would put the rolls in backwards to make the music "stand on its head" as he said. Then there were strange little toy bears, frogs, mice, and bats which could run about and fly.

Though Lewis Carroll died January 14, 1898, he is still entertaining the children with his charming stories of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"

and "Through the Looking-Glass."

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Book Two. In this book the biographical sketches of authors and artists are introduced as a part of the reading matter for the child. The authors so treated are Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Robert Louis Stevenson; the artists are Sir Joshua Reynolds and Rosa Bonheur. The biographical sketches and the work of each of these authors and artists are grouped so as to give a connected story and emphasize their personalities. Many other authors and artists are represented. Illustrated with 38 reproductions of portraits and famous paintings in colors by the duotype process. Cloth, 160 pages. Price, 40 cents.

Book Three. The distinguishing features of this book are its careful grading, its delightful biographical sketches, its grouping of the work of the authors and artists and its reproductions of famous paintings in two colors by the duotype process. The authors treated biographically are Eugene Field, John G. Whittier, Hans Christian Anderson, Louisa M. Alcott, Laura E. Richards, Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, Louis Carroll. The artists so treated are Sir Edwin Landseer and Thomas Gainsborough. Cloth, 224 pages. Price, 50 cents.

Book Four. In this book the boys and girls are introduced to two of Spain's greatest artists, Don Diego Velasquez, and Bartolome Esteban Murillo, to eight of the world's most notable writers, James Whitcomb Riley, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Charles Kingsley, Helen Hunt Jackson, George MacDonald, Dinah Mulock Craik, Æsop and Ernest Thompson Seton. There are biographical sketches of each author and artist and the work of each is grouped as a section. Cloth, 256 pages. Price, 50 cents.

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